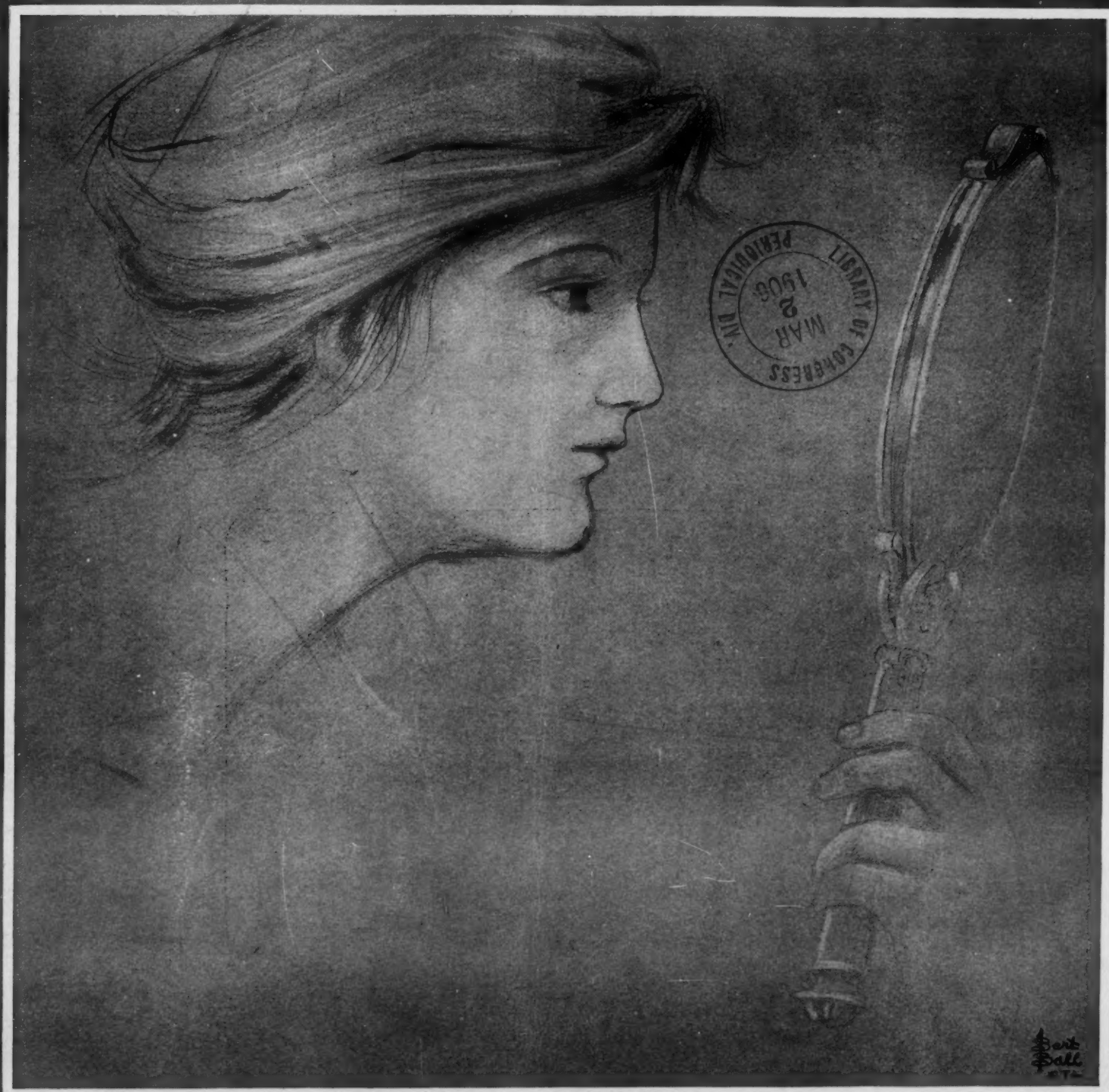


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The Mirror

VOL. XVI.—No. 2

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1906.

PRICE. FIVE CENTS.



SARA

EXOTIC, morbid, feline, fulgurous, ophidian, hypnotic Dona Sol is with us this week. Blood, death, sin, splendourousness are her signs in art. She is Medusa, reincarnate, or a Fury touched with pathos. Ultimate feminism without veneer she voices in subtle and sleek ferocity. Youth stays with her as if sustained and refreshed by vampirish absorption of the life of simulated passions. Fascinate she holds us by a spell of necrophilistic, satanic power. Inscrutable, yet simple, her witchery is that of Leonardo's Mona Lisa, mocking us with our own futilities. She is a Madonna of Evil and the incense she feeds upon is the exhalation of the grave. Her art is a sweet poison brewed of indefeasible genius and the crassest chalanism. R.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Elbert Hubbard's Double Life

By William Marion Reedy

WHEN, recently, William Sharp, the critic, died and it became known that he was none other than the author of the beautifully mystical and utterly feminine essays, stories and poems published under the name of Fiona McLeod, it was thought that the limit of successful mystification in letters had been reached. But there is another surprise for the literary world, of America at least, in the revelations, if we trust the disclosures of personality in writing without direct and authentic evidence of authorship, which seem to flow from the studies by Col. J. Pingle Dougall, of Mascoutah, Illinois, of the works which have had such a tremendous vogue as being the product of the pen of Charles Felton Pidgin.

Col. Dougall ranks with him who found that Sir Philip Francis was Junius and her who first told that Shakespeare was Bacon, if his deductions—and they seem irrefutable—from the analysis of the Pidgin literature are correct. Col. Dougall asserts unreservedly, in the first place, that Charles Felton Pidgin is nothing but an *alias* of that great man Elbert Hubbard. The student referred to brings strong evidence to bear that Hubbard, in his penchant for fooling the people, has dashed off the Pidgin works between times, invented the name Pidgin, invented a residence in Boston, Mass., and invented in fact a new reading of history. Hubbard, then, is presented for our consideration as the author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and "Sarah Bernhardt Brown," New England stories redolent of the soil.

Hubbard, as we know, is strongly enamored of the soil and especially of New England soil. In these works there are innumerable touches which remind one of Hubbard—little touches of quaint philosophy, of crude pathos, of a somewhat unrefined humor. All the Yankeesqueness of Hubbard, which otherwise he conceals under a Latin Quarter necktie and long hair, seems to trickle out in these stories. Their dramatic content is somewhat siccant, just what we would expect from one whom we know mostly as a preacher and propagandist. Still they are truly remarkable, being a work of a *genre* so foreign to that of the prophet of the *Philistine*.

Then again we know what an iconoclast is Hubbard and we can readily understand how he could have written "Blennerhassett," and "The Life of Burr," in both of which books the writer shows up Thomas Jefferson as a cold-hearted, unscrupulous, ambitious schemer. As Hubbard defended George D. Herron and as he has often advocated extreme liberty of love it is not to be wondered at that this sentiment should culminate in an apotheosis of Burr, who was distinctively a ladies' man before he was anything else. Likewise as Hamilton is pictured as a daring scoundrel, and Hubbard is deemed to be a foe of authority, for which Hamilton always stood and stands, it is easy to see that Mr. Hubbard once his mind was set upon it, could as easily write "The Climax" and "The Great Triumvirate" and do it successfully as he makes rag carpets and dining room tables and Morris chairs and andirons.

There is a temperance story by the reputed Pidgin called "Stephen Holton." Now Hubbard is not only temperate, but ascetic, notwithstanding a Chicago paper once printed a *fac simile* of his bar bill for two days at the Auditorium of \$40.15. There are marked similarities of quality between "Stephen Holton" and Hubbard's one acknowledged novel, "Brown of Harvard"—a similarity that is higher and wider and deeper than the wholly negligible circumstance that each is unreadable. So, too, in the so-called Pidgin fiction "The Letter H," "Evelyn Vernay," "Reckless Miss Raven" and in the romance "Vandemar and Vivienne" there is the indubitable

Hubbardian flavor on each page. Mr. Hubbard is very happy with women. So is the author who calls himself Pidgin. In these books there is a calm, self-assured superiority to those canons of literary art which hitherto we have accepted unquestioningly as the criteria of expression, which is characteristic of Hubbard as of no other writer in this country or century. As so frequently in the "Little Journeys," and even more frequently in the *Philistine*, the story is told, the idea is developed in language which, literally speaking, may well be called unique. The Pidgin books are more constantly, continuously and consistently written in "pidgin English." It is as if the mask is thrown aside and all the appanages and appurtenances of a vertiginous vocabulary were forsworn that the writer might get right down and wallow in the most colloquial of colloquialism.

Just why Mr. Hubbard should wish to masquerade as Charles Felton Pidgin is not clear, but he does not wholly disguise himself. We have before us a letter purporting to have been signed by Pidgin. It is on a letter-head stamped with all the marks of Hubbard. It recites all the alleged works of Pidgin. It bears a number, showing that the supposititious Pidgin writes hundreds of letters per day. It is the advertising letter of an advertising author, and what author advertises himself as does Hubbard? This circumstantial evidence is as incriminating almost as the likeness of the way in which Pidgin twists his history to suit his exaltation of Burr, to the manner in which Hubbard transmogrifies the story of Our Lord, in "The Man of Sorrows," so as to exalt himself above Jesus Christ.

Pidgin publishes his own books. So does Hubbard. Hubbard issues copy sheets about his work past, present and to come. So does Pidgin. Hubbard is at home in Boston. So, we imagine, would be the entity calling itself Charles Felton Pidgin. We have had letters from Hubbard, dated Boston. Also from Pidgin. Into such close proximity and propinquity can we bring the two that, with the correlative circumstances skeletonsquely introduced here, the two personalities seem irresistibly to melt, vanish, absorb into one. Hubbard has often spoken of his work as if what he was doing while so speaking were play. Can it be that he had in mind these novels, fictions, romances, stories that have delighted thousands under the name of Charles Felton Pidgin?

Nothing miraculous in this. Lewis Carroll wrote "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through a Looking Glass" while as one Hodgdon he wrote abstruse books upon the higher mathematics. If Bacon could descend from the "Novum Organum" to "Hamlet" and "Lear," Hubbard could write "Quincy Adams Sawyer" after any of his great essays on Raphael, Beethoven, Wordsworth or Byron. Col. J. Pingle Dougall of Mascoutah, Ill., has summarized all this evidence in a fashion we have not seen equalled outside of the introductory chapters to "The Great Cryptogram," by Ignatius Donnelly, or the demonstration by Andrew Lang that "The Man in the Iron Mask" was not the author of "The Casket Letters" of Queen Mary Stuart.

We ourselves have no hesitation in declaring our belief that he makes clear that Elbert Hubbard is not an *alias* of Charles Felton Pidgin. So much being conceded we do not see how it is possible that two men in the same age writing so much of the same sort of stuff could possibly be separate and distinct. We have seen Elbert Hubbard. We have never seen Charles Felton Pidgin. We aver that Hubbard could write Pidgin literature; but we deeply doubt that any one living or dead could write Hubbard literature, save and except Hubbard. We have put the books issued in both names side by side. We have compared them. We have reached our conclusion. Col. J. Pingle Dougall, of Mascoutah, Ill., has reversed the miracle test of a benefactor of mankind. He has made one beauty out of two that were before. Charles Felton Pidgin is a myth, a beautiful myth

that must die. Not wholly shall he die however. He is translated—*pace Bottom*—into something rich and strange, into Hubbard. There is no longer reason why Mr. Hubbard should try to fool us. We call upon him to acknowledge the Pidgin books as an eccentricity of genius, which they are.

The Decadence of the Clergy

By William Marion Reedy

ABOUT a year ago a circular letter to the Anglican Bishops asking for liberty as respects the authenticity and the authority of the Scriptures was signed by seventeen hundred clergymen of the Church of England. These clergy, we are told, included many of the ablest and some of the more distinguished in that Church. Now, according to an Eastern paper, that letter has been made the basis of a communication on the same subject which is to be circulated among the Episcopal clergy and laity of this country. In substance it is a demand for a scientific examination of the miraculous foundation of Christianity.

This is an event of tremendous significance. It shows that the higher criticism of the Bible is shaking the foundations of the faith of those whose mission in life it is to preach that faith. It shows to be true, what agnostics have so often declared, that many men in pulpits have been preaching things in which they no longer believe. Indeed the clergy are those who most read the higher criticism. The masses of the laity scarcely read at all. All they know of it is the generalizations which appear casually or incidentally in the popular press. Long since, we may say, the clergy has harmonized the Old Testament with science, by sweeping away most of those features which are palpably in conflict with natural law, recorded observation in other historical sources and opposed to common sense and reason. Now, however, it is the New Testament that is in question.

Truth to tell, the public is ceasing to be religious. As the New York *Sun* says: "Bible reading has been discontinued among the laity to a very great extent. Family prayers, once an invariable custom in pious families, are now almost wholly abandoned. The prayer meeting preserves usually only a mere semblance of life. Sunday schools have fallen off in attendance." Every denominational year book, almost, records a falling off in church attendance, and the voice of the preacher is always heard lamenting the lukewarmness of those who profess faith but give little evidence thereof in participating in religious exercises.

The preachers take ordination vows which bind them to an acceptance of the Scriptures that is in opposition to all the thoughtful and sincere deductions from what is called the higher criticism. Those vows become too galling on some pastors, when they can no longer believe, and they omit the ministry. Others, under the necessity of making a living, compromise with their consciences and indulge in preachments which fail in fervor. Much pulpitering to-day is Christian only in name. It is mostly a sort of diluted philosophy of right living, based upon other grounds than the Divine injunctions of the Bible. The old pulpit religion is disappearing. For the most part a sermon one hears in one church might as well be heard in another, for all the difference there is in the matter as to either dogma or discipline, and if one knew not otherwise he could hardly tell whether he was listening in a Baptist, Congregational, Episcopalian, or Methodist church, or even in a reformed synagogue. Wherever the old statements of the Scriptures are brought in, they seem to be applied with a certain perfunctoriness, or at least they seem to be quoted with no more stress than would be given a statement from Emerson, or Carlyle or Ruskin. In fact it seems

to most persons who still cling to the old standards, as if the contemporary preacher all but apologizes for any reference to the Scriptures in any way carrying that sense of reverence which has been for ages given those writings.

The preaching of to-day is insincere, and it shows it. It is more literary, more stylistic, more of an intellectual exercise, and very little heart-felt, save for an occasional outburst of a sort of ethical culturist, religion-of-humanity eloquence which might as well come from Felix Adler or Frederick Harrison as from an ordained priest. Indeed it is generally said that honest men no longer care to preach the Gospel. They will not preach things which represent an opinion, a conviction that has been swept away by the intellectual development of the times. Clearly if honest men will not enter the pulpit, the church does not want dishonest men in their places, and so it seems certain that the churches will have to take off the restrictions of liberty of opinion which have been hitherto imposed upon the men who are chosen and ordained to preach. If this be not done, the pulpit will deteriorate through its insincerity and become an immoral influence, since no man can be a hypocrite intellectually and maintain for long his moral integrity. If the intellectual dishonesty of the pulpit continues to spread, we shall find that it will be accompanied by an ethical disintegration more pernicious than unbelief because of its potency as a bad example to the many who traditionally hold the clergy in mind as exemplars of conduct even more than as leaders of thought.

Then, too, there is the patent fact that the ministry no longer calls the best men, because the ministry offers no rewards to attract them. There was a time when a preacher could live well on a moderate salary, but the standards of living for men of like attainments and social status all around him have gone up and he sees himself almost in penury while men of mediocre mind and less laborious duties live in comparative luxury. There is no future for the preacher. He cannot save anything. When his prime is passed and a new vogue or fashion in preaching comes in, he is shelved. There is no man more pathetic than the superannuated minister. In England, we are told by Archbishop Sinclair, that a large part of the Anglican clergy are improperly fed and are "almost on the verge of starvation." Things are not so bad here, but all denominations have societies for the relief of their poorly paid and "played out" preachers. The relief, like most "relief," we have been told, is rather scrimped and thin. Even preachers are not benefited by charity. They don't relish the bread of dependency. There are thousands of preachers in this country who do not receive the pay that is earned by good clerks. They do not get a fair living yet they are expected to live. This may have been well enough in an earlier day when no one lived very well, when all men of equal intelligence and culture bore many deprivations, but now the preacher is, except in some rare instances, the poorest paid of all professional men, except, possibly, journalists. It is hardly true of the vast majority of preachers that "if they are deserving of a fair living they are as likely to get it as are the members of any other of the learned professions." They don't rank in this regard with either doctors or lawyers or engineers. This bars from the ministry the best men. The men of character and quality do not go to the theological seminaries. Other professions and businesses have more to offer for the same general quality of effort that is required of the preacher. And here again comes in the question of vows. By the time a well educated young man has attained the age when he in olden times might think of the ministry as a field for intellectual activity, he is not in shape intellectually to consider it. He is now a skeptic. He can't see success in a profession in the fundamentals of which he does not believe.

Above all other causes for the loosening hold of religion upon the people is the fact that its preachers

are generally understood to be engaged in putting off the masses with the hope of a tawdry heaven when the masses cry for a better share of the blessings of earth. The church is felt to be with the vested interests, with authority however wrongfully based and foully usurped or deviously arrogated. The church is no longer for the poor and lowly. God is no longer a God of the poor. The preachers are tender of the feelings of their rich parishioners and they evade social questions or condemn agitations that will disturb the possessors of wealth wrongfully acquired. The Church is conservative with the conservatism of sycophancy. It rejoices in the money-changers in the temple. It condemns as anarchism every programme that looks to a realization of just the anarchy preached by Jesus Christ, and no more. Preachers who preach Christ the carpenter are not in demand. Preachers with Christ's words on their lips but no Christ feeling in their hearts are plentiful and no less hypocritical than those who pretend to believe the Bible inspired when they feel that it is not so. Christianity has grown so respectable that it has lost its spirit of protest against the worldliness that flowers into respectability. And respectability looks down on the poor and discontented. Wealth is corrupting the Church and the people know it. The man who thinks freely upon social or economic issues in their ethical relations is soon out of his pulpit. The big contributors drop him in short order. He may deny the plenary inspiration of the Bible with impunity, but he must not deny the divine righteousness of property acquired by whatever of lawless rapacity or chicanery. The fawners upon wealth hold their places. The best men, those most in sympathy with Christ's principles, dare not teach those principles.

Thus, finally, we see how the matter of "keeping on the brakes" upon freedom of thought tends to the impoverishment of the ministry as to character. Furthermore, if the people are losing religion they have no need for preachers. The conclusion is that there are more preachers than there is need for, that there are more of a rather poor sort, and that if the churches want more good preachers they must conform their teachings to those things which the people will and can believe. The churches must follow the people, if they would lead the people.

Reflections

Clean 'Em Up.

ALL the time-payment bond investment companies, exposed in the MIRROR, have not left Missouri. The National concern is still operating. Some stockholders have come to a point where they can see, or think they can see, an ugly finish if operations be not stopped. They want to get out with their reputations whole and clean. A receivership may be applied for. Money cannot be made legitimately in these bond selling concerns. The sooner they are wound up, the better.

RACING may start up again in St. Louis County, says the *Republic*. It may not. The *Republic* must remember that "Right may lose an occasional battle; it never loses a campaign."

Friends of Bossy.

MISSOURI has now advanced so far on the march to fame that her cows can afford big names for the diseases that afflict them. Time was when no Missouri cow could afford any ailment but hollow horn. Except in very rare cases this disease would yield readily to one of two forms of treatment, to-wit: bore a hole through both horns with a gimlet, or

cut a slit in the tail near the end, place a spoonful of pepper and salt therein and bind the same up tightly. If either treatment proved fatal, it was a sure sign that the other should have been adopted. These ideas have been pretty well eradicated, thanks to that able body of farmers who manage the Agricultural College Farm, an adjunct of the State University at Columbia. These farmer-professors have called able cow doctors to their assistance, and day by day great chunks of wisdom are printed at the expense of the State and mailed to those who will read the same and use their influence to obtain a good appropriation for the University and the Agricultural College Farm from the Legislature. Only last week a very interesting lecture was given on the subject of *Boophilus Annulatus*. Some farmers may not know what this means. So much the worse for them. They ought to keep pace with the Agricultural College Farm. It is something that affects cattle. Down in Texas, where farming has not been elevated to that high stage of scientific development which it has attained at the College Farm, the ignorant stock man would not know a *Boophilus Annulatus* if one should meet him on the prairie and shake hands with him. But if he should be "shown," he would at once say that there was no difference between a *Boophilus Annulatus* and a tick. Neither is there any difference, but if one of the College Farm Professors should use such a commonplace expression as saying that a cow was "covered with ticks," some might imagine that he was not a learned man after all. A few days ago some cows fell sick in New Madrid County, Mo. A cow doctor is now on the trail of the disease. He is certain that it is not *Anthrax*, but he has not compared its Bertillon measurement yet with some large words that were cut in stovewood lengths last winter and stacked away for use when the Legislature is in session. After he has completed his investigation, he will sort these words over and send a bunch of them down to New Madrid County by freight, properly labeled, so that any farmer who loses a cow may be able to inscribe on her tombstone the exact name of the ailment that called her away before her sorrowing owner could send her to the market to be sold for beef. And so it has come to pass now that almost any farmer can go to the Agricultural College Farm and select a lot of high-sounding names for such ailments as his stock may be afflicted with. Cows that are fed on sawdust will no longer die of hollow horn. Those plebeian days have gone, never to return in Missouri. Henceforth, even the afflicted cow has a true friend, one who will name her sickness with words sufficiently long to choke her, should she be careless enough to try to swallow the same, or to make her sway-backed should she attempt to carry it.

CHIEF KIELY will be allowed counsel in his defense before the Police Board. It was disgraceful that it should ever have been denied him. Kiely was a good Chief, barring politics, but he had to take his political orders from his superiors.

Rotation in Office

THERE has been a vacancy in the Board of Election Commissioners of St. Louis since Mr. A. C. Maroney resigned as an Election Commissioner to take charge of the Police Board. It is not customary to leave such desirable berths open so long. The Governor has said that there was no hurry about filling the vacancy, all of which is very true. There is a story to the effect that Mr. Maroney does not expect to be a Police Commissioner much longer, and

that when he resigns from the Police Board, he will step back into his old place on the Election Board. Seemingly, there is pretty good foundation for this rumor. After all, what is the use of three Election Commissioners, four Police Commissioners with the Mayor an ex-officio member and three Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners? It invariably happens that one man practically does all the work. Why not have five Governors, three Mayors and three men at the head of every city and State department where there is now one?

The Happy Warrior

GLAD news comes from Springfield, Mo. General Emmett Newton of Governor Folk's staff will not seek a seat in the State Senate. He would rather be the surviving representative of chivalry than hold down a seat in the State Senate and receive an armful of 1,000-mile tickets from Col. L. F. Parker of the 'Frisco. It is well that this gallant defender of Missouri's martial honor and prestige so regards his duty to the commonwealth. Arms is his calling. He may be needed in Springfield before long to quell a riot, if Mr. Hazeltine, of that town, who is now seeking a Democratic nomination for Congress, does not have his whiskers trimmed.

Lafayette Park.

LAFAYETTE PARK should be improved in accordance with the plans formulated and approved by the Thirteenth Ward Association. The park is an historic and beautiful spot. Its restoration to the condition in which it was before the great cyclone ravaged it will be an enhancement of value to all the property for many blocks in its neighborhood. It should be a spot dear to all the inhabitants of the section of which it is the center. A larger lake, a more spacious common and more trees and shrubbery are needed to give the thirty acres its full aesthetic and utilitarian value as a public work. The Park Board should be encouraged and it would have all the money it needs for that purpose if every man now successful who can call to mind the romance of the days when he did his promenade courting in that enclosure would bring his influence to bear upon the city authorities to make an appropriation such as the Thirteenth Ward citizens think necessary. A finer park will save that section of the city from the decay of the spread of which there are some evidences in falling realty values. We can't spare any of our parks, and we must not let any of them run down.

Gambler Fools.

YOUR confirmed sport is the man who regards all non-sports as "suckers." Yet he is the steadily profitable sucker. He is "trimmed" on every other big sporting event. He was jobbed in the Corbett-McCoy mill. Now it is stated that the Gans-Britt fight was a hippodrome, while there is a similar tale as to the Erne-McGovern affair. Racing people are told that events have been fixed at Ascot Park in Los Angeles. The St. Louis tracks run by the CAT were commonly known as rotten. The sports are the marks for the fixers. The "fiends" or "bugs" are those who are "put wise" with "straight dope" only to be plucked. The players all go broke, the touts mostly starve, the horse owners half the time can't pay their feed bills, the bookmakers are eventually drained of their last dollar. The money is steadily concentrated in the pockets of those who own and control the tracks. The whole realm of sport is corrupt. Job succeeds job with unbroken regularity. The fellows who have the coin can fix the events to "do" the mob. There

are no suckers in the world like gamblers—men who want something for nothing and are always ready to bite at a wager on some sure thing that the other fellows know nothing about. Sport as a profession must come to this. The fellows who promote sport must make a living, just as the man who runs a poker game must have an advantage over his patrons in order to make his profit. The steady gambler is a fool.

Why and Who.

WE don't observe that any action is being taken against the bucket shops, as the Governor and certain other officials loudly declared would be taken. Why not? The law is plain. The evidence is easily procurable from hundreds of daily players. The trick by which the letter of the law is evaded is perfectly palpable to all the officials. What has stopped the crusade? Who pulled off the men on Change and in the press who were so lurid in their agitation? Here's a deep and dark mystery.

A Sweeping Decision

THE Supreme Court declares in the Chesapeake & Ohio and New York and New Haven railroad cases that a road can't give rebates to itself. It can't haul coal from its own mines at less than it hauls similar freight for other shippers. This decision smashes the railroad coal monopolies, and gives the independent producers a chance. It comes at a time when it helps the cause of rate-regulation and strikes the rebate evil a blow from which it cannot recover. A road cannot legally haul commodities for itself or anyone else at less than its published rates. The railroads, according to this ruling, cannot deal in the commodities which they haul over their lines, for the reason that "it would be to supply a means for the perpetuation of evils which the interstate commerce commission is intended to remedy." The specific case decided was one in which the Chesapeake and Ohio had contracted to deliver a lot of coal to the New York, New Haven and Hartford for \$2.75 a ton, whereas the cost of the coal at the mines is \$2.47, leaving the carrier only 28 cents for hauling from the mines to Newport News. This was practicable only because the Chesapeake and Ohio was hauling coal from its own mines. The published rate for this haul being \$1.45, the court holds that the transaction was illegal. In almost every State in the Union railroads have monopolized the coal business in some such fashion, and the opinion of Justice White touches conditions in all parts of the country. It materially strengthens President Roosevelt in his struggle with the Senate.

SENATOR ALDRICH, of Rhode Island, the boss of the Senate, has been whittled down to about the size of his State.

The Carnegie Library Fake.

WE are to have a Carnegie library in St. Louis—some day. Mayhap we shall not think it such a fine thing, when we get it. New York's Comptroller has been looking the Carnegie gift-horse in the mouth, and he doesn't like what he sees. A summary of the Carnegie scheme as it works in New York City appears in the *Globe* of that town. "Mr. Carnegie offered \$5,200,000, to be paid as the library buildings were erected, provided the city would acquire the sites, equip the libraries with books, and furnish perpetual maintenance. Under the arrangement Mr. Carnegie kept the principal, and has paid \$80,000 on each edifice. As only three or four new libraries have been opened each year the \$260,000 of

interest annually accruing to Mr. Carnegie has sufficed to meet the drafts upon him without impairing the principal. When the libraries are all built, unless he makes a further gift, he will still have in his possession the total of the capital sum. The estimated cost of the eighty sites is \$3,500,000; of books and other equipment \$1,000,000, and of maintenance \$2,000 per library a year, or about \$1,000,000 a year for the eighty. The investment in the libraries by Mr. Carnegie will thus be \$5,200,000 and by the city \$4,500,000. The maintenance charge, capitalized at 4 per cent., is \$20,000,000. So it appears that \$24,500,000 of the library charge will fall on the city and \$5,200,000 on the philanthropist—the libraries will be nearly five-sixths taxpayer and only a little more than one-sixth Carnegie. It is obvious that the part of the total cost borne by Mr. Carnegie is relatively so small that it should not have been considered as an inducement to enter upon library exploitation. If the public would not have gone into the enterprise without the Carnegie gift it should not have gone into it at all." All the Carnegie endowments are alike. Will the "benevolence" work out here as it has in New York? Will we see the truth that "when abundance bestows on condition that five times as much shall be extracted from poverty, we have a kind of bargaining that suggests that the giver is a miser at heart, and carries the principle of thrift too far?" Such philanthropy is an insult to intelligence, a mockery of the people. It only emphasizes the truth that philanthropy is a poor substitute for natural justice. The people want nothing from their overlords, as gifts. All they want is what is rightfully due them. Tax Carnegie the full value of his holdings in the land whereon is based the steel trust and the public would need none of his philanthropy. Gifts that are but a further scheme to tax the public are a public evil. When Carnegie gives us money, we are taxed more for Carnegie. The money he gives moreover is not rightfully his. His wealth is the increment mostly of the land owned by all the people and his benevolence is simply a trick to make the public erect to him monuments more durable than brass, but not the sort of brass in his own cheek. The trick will not work to his ends. It will work to point out to the people that even Carnegie philanthropy is carried on at their expense exclusively. "God helps those who help themselves." The people should help themselves to Carnegie's fortune by taxing out of it to their own benefit that portion of it which is of their creation and that portion of it which inheres in his holding of their share in the land.

❖ ❖

The Governor Learns

Gov. FOLK is studying the principles of taxation. He is a successful investigator. We may well trust that he will soon come to see that the reasons which justify him in favoring the abolition of personal taxes apply with the same force and more to the abolition of all taxes upon improvements on land. That surely is easier than cornering a boodler and making him confess. And once the Governor sees it, he will see that the abolition of all taxes, save those upon land, will do away with boodling, as land monopoly is the secret of franchise boodling.

❖ ❖

As We Said: Ferries

So we are to have the free bridge fight all over again. Too bad, when everything that the free bridgers proclaim as procurable by a free bridge can be obtained in half the time and at about one-eighth of the expense by the establishment of municipal ferries between this city and East St. Louis. Three fer-

ry boats will put the bridge arbitrary out of business in three days from the time they are started. They will relieve the small shipper first. The big shipper needs no relief that he doesn't get in his rebate. It's time to drop the free bridge agitation and turn to the practicable remedy of municipal ferries.

❖ ❖

Let Him Out

OLLIE ROBERTS is pardoned, but poor Julius Lehmann, who never murdered anybody and wouldn't squeal upon the big rich who "paneled" the public in the boodle deals, is still in the penitentiary. Lehmann should be released. He has suffered more than other men have suffered for the same offense. His wife is insane. He can become a useful, as he always was a cheerful citizen. Justice should be equal as regards boodlers. One should not suffer more than another. Some boodlers have not suffered at all. Now that some of the boodlers are out all should be out.

❖ ❖

A Point to Remember

As Home Rule presents itself in practical politics in St. Louis, it resolves itself into a scheme to get the tools of the Cella-Adler-Tilles combination of gamblers, in either party or both, into control of the city. This gang's messenger boy is Hawes, chief of the Home Rule spielers. He gave us Cella-Adler-Tilles Home Rule during the World's Fair, and his successors in control of the police haven't yet got through with turning up the filth it generated. This is a point to be remembered in all discussions of Home Rule.

❖ ❖

Clashing Colonels

THE MIRROR would be glad to tender its good offices in settling the dispute between Col. Joseph Griswold, proprietor of the Laclede Hotel in this city, and Judge W. N. Evans, chairman of the Democratic State Committee. The point at issue really seems to be the relative value of a whiskey toddy at Col. Griswold's drink emporium, or a Scotch highball quaffed over the mahogany bar of the Planters' Hotel. Criminations and recriminations are the order of the day. No sooner does Judge Evans make an allegation than Col. Griswold denies the same and defies the alligator. He takes it for granted that Judge Evans is amphibious. Judge Evans says that Col. Griswold did not want the Democratic State headquarters located in his hotel, on the ground that the Democracy would assemble there, expectorate upon the floor and go elsewhere for liquid refreshments. This has been denied by Col. Griswold, and affirmed again by Judge Evans, who cites half a dozen Missouri Colonels as witnesses in his behalf. He has called in that doughty Democrat and man-not-to-be-fooled-with, Col. Frank Russell of Conway, who he says, will verify every word he says. Meantime, it will be noted that Col. Landrum, who is himself a Colonel among Colonels, and manager of the Planters, has not been lugged into the controversy. It is preposterous, we think, to assume that Col. Griswold kept a register account of the number of Democrats who came into his hotel during campaigns and then went elsewhere to get their drinks. This is the inference, however, of Judge Evans' strictures upon the Laclede Colonel. If Judge Evans candidly believes that Scotch highballs and Creme de Menthe will bring out more Democratic votes than the old-fashioned whiskey toddies so popular with the Democrats who patronize the Laclede bar, he is perfectly justified in making the change of headquarters to the more fashionable hostelry, and even in his remarks

that the country Democrats are very fond of luxuries in the shape of fine furniture, statuary, eating with four-tined forks, etc. The Judge conducted a disastrous campaign in 1904, with his headquarters in the Equitable Building. He could scarcely do worse this year if he moved the headquarters to Belleville, Ill. Whether it was the drinks that the Democrats obtained in 1904 in the vicinity of Sixth and Locust streets, or that tired feeling which overtook the party in other States, that caused the defeat of all the Democratic State ticket, save the candidate for Governor, is yet an open question. As a cautious politician, however, Judge Evans was, perhaps, justified in supposing that the Equitable Building was a hoodoo to a Democratic State campaign. Still, when Col. Wetmore, the trust buster, fell out with Col. Weaver, and left the Planters, the trust-busting party could not go back there. The judge could look back to the campaign of 1896, when the Democratic State headquarters were located in the Planters' Hotel, and note that the heaviest Democratic vote ever polled in Missouri was cast that year. On the other hand, a long line of victories attended the establishment of headquarters at the Laclede. Clearly, the Laclede Hotel is not a hoodoo on a Democratic State campaign. The brand of liquor dispensed over the Laclede bar may not be entirely responsible, in view of the heavy contributions the protected corporations were formerly in the habit of handing over to some one in authority about the committee headquarters, but the victories were accomplished, nevertheless. Something was bound to "drop" when the corporations quit financing an anti-corporation party. On this score, the argument plainly favors Col. Griswold. He is just as much of a Colonel as Col. Landrum. Was not Col. Griswold a Fish Commissioner—what a place in which to become an authority upon thirst!—under Gov. Stone? He certainly was. And where was Col. Landrum then? Back in Kentucky, making up his mind that Kentucky was the best State in the Union from which to emigrate. Besides, is it not known that Col. Landrum cares for "sassiety" more than he does for vulgarian politics, and does he not don dress clothes every evening? Are not dress clothes the sign of contempt for the common people? There are some fine points involved in this controversy which the MIRROR does not feel able to unravel. Col. Frank Sosey of the Palmyra Spectator has been called in as an expert by Col. Griswold, and we shall await his testimony—also, that of a whole bunch of Colonels who have not yet been dragged into the fight, but will be compelled to take sides before long. Meantime, it is to be hoped the Laclede Colonels and the Planters' Colonels will maintain an armed neutrality—the former sticking to their toddies and long green, and the latter to their Scotch hogballs and two-for-a-quarter cigars. It grieves us, though, to see Col. Griswold, a noted convert to Christian Science, giving way publicly to the evil emanations of his mortal mind.

❖ ❖

How Protection Protects

Mr. D. W. Ross, general purchasing agent of the Panama Canal Commission, testified, on Washington's birthday, before the Senate Inter-oceanic Canal Committee that he had bought steel rails at from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a ton less than was charged to the railroads in this country. The commission paid the export price on the rails. Mr. Ross, who was formerly purchasing agent of the railroad, said he was entirely familiar with the fact that rails were sold abroad at prices less than for domestic use. He asserted that the

railroads were content to pay the extra charge because they believed that the market for steel products abroad served to maintain the balance of trade, and for that reason tolerated it. This is how the tariff helps the American consumer. It "maintains the balance of trade." This means that we send out more than we take in of real products of labor, or wealth, and that we do it at a loss. All of which shows that the tariff simply gives of American labor to foreigners what it will not give to American labor at home. Meanwhile the American laborer is charged higher prices for everything which he makes cheaper to his foreign brother. No wonder the protected capitalist piles up millions, when he can undersell the native market abroad, and at a profit, and then double the price of his product at home. The tariff is paid by the consumer in this country. If anyone gets any benefit of it aside from the protected industry, it is the foreigner.

♦♦

THERE was a divorce regulation congress at Washington last week. The Mizner-Yerkes affair shows that marriage is more in need of regulation than divorce.

♦♦

The Greater Graft

WHILE police graft is being investigated, why do not the Police Commissioners look into the failure of the department to close the robbing gambling games on two river steamboats during the entire period of the World's Fair? That scheme netted those who controlled it more than a quarter of a million dollars. Why don't the commissioners find out how this town was closed up so that graft games might run wide open in the county, where certain political gambling interests were in complete control, during the Fair? The Board of Police Commissioners hasn't even scratched the surface of police graft when it has exposed police partnership with the panel-workers.

♦♦

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Senator Tillman are together on the rate-regulation bill. The President is splitting his party, but he will carry his point as to the Hepburn bill, and the Democracy will justly claim a large share of the credit. The next President of the United States will probably be a Democrat.

♦♦

Home Rule's Victory

WILL Ireland be free? It seems so. A week ago Monday a vote was taken in the House of Commons that points in that direction. The news dispatch tells the story succinctly. It is here quoted: "Edward Saunderson, Conservative, member for North Armagh, moved an amendment to the address in reply to the King's speech opening the session, declaring that the loyalists in Ireland were alarmed by the statement in the speech from the throne that the Government is considering a change in the government of that country. Mr. Saunderson and other Unionist speakers, including Mr. Chamberlain and Walter Long, contended that Home Rule was designed and that the Government was avowedly a Home Rule one. James Bryce, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in reply, avowed that Home Rule did not scare him. He added that he had never departed from the principles under which the Liberal party fought, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. The late Government itself had admitted that large changes were needed in the administration of Ireland. The present Government would make an effort to improve the government of Ireland and to associate the people with it. For this the country had given the Government a mandate. The alarm mentioned in the

amendment was felt only by a small and prejudiced section, which appealed to racial and religious animosities. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 406 to 88." A Government majority of 318 for Irish Home Rule! Emmett's epitaph may be written within the next five years.

♦♦

STUYVESANT FISH is said to be "damned" because he is too honest for the Standard Oil crowd in insurance finance. He will be thrown out of all his important positions. Good! Let the manifestations of crooked power multiply. They only invite the deluge. The more brutally relentless the money crowd shows itself the more certainly it works its own destruction.

♦♦

Now that Gen. Grosvenor has been dumped on the political ash heap in Ohio, there will be no one to do the statistical prognostications of Republican victory. Grosvenor, a rabid partisan, will be missed in Congress, where he was a picturesque figure and figurer for years.

♦♦

BILLY WILLIAMS, of Boonville, was the lawyer of the St. Louis police board in its contention with Chief of Police Kiely. Fine thing that St. Louis hasn't a lawyer good enough for a St. Louis board, but must go to a small town for one. Mr. Williams is the administration's attorney in every case in the State Supreme Court, of which he was once, for a brief space, a member, under Governor Stephens. He makes the front to that court in all matters political, just as Sam Priest does in all great matters corporational. Is there such a thing as a pull with the State Supreme Court?

♦♦

Song For a Cracked Voice

By Wallace Irwin

WHEN I was young and slender, a spender,
a lender,

What gentleman adventurer was prankier
than I,

Who lustier at passes with glasses—and lasses,

How pleasant was the look of 'em as I came jaunting
by!

(But now there's none to sigh at me as I come
creaking by.)

Then Pegasus went loping 'twixt hoping and toping,

A song in every dicky-bird, a scent in every rose;
What moons for lovelorn glances, romances, and
dances,

And how the spirit of the waltz went thrilling to
my toes!

(Egad, it's now a gouty pang goes thrilling to
my toes!)

Was I that lover frantic, romantic, and antic

Who found the lute in Molly's voice, the heaven
in her eyes,

Who, madder than a hatter, talked patter? No matter.

Call not that little, youthful ghost, but leave it
where it lies!

(Dear, dear, how many winter snows have drifted
where she lies!)

But now I'm old and humble, why mumble and grumble

At all the posy-linked rout that hurries laughing
by?

Framed in my gold-rimmed glasses each lass is who
passes,

And youth is still a-twinkling in the corner of my
eye.

(How strange you cannot see it in the corner of
my eye!)

February McClure's.

Speech of Senility.

ANDREW D. WHITE is one of our grandest of grand old men, but when he approves lynching as a cure for murder, he forgets that lynching is murder. Crimes of passion cannot be suppressed by crimes of passion. Law is not upheld by riot. Passion is controlled by reason only. The recent address of Prexy White is the first evidence we have seen that he is "rotting at the top, like an old tree."

♦♦

The Four Elements

By Gelett Burgess

FIRE o' the Blood, that was lit by a kiss,
Wine o' the Brain, that has drugged me with
bliss,
Wind o' the Soul, that has blown me so far,
Dust o' the Body, that glows like a star.

Love, in your Alchemy bravely I trust,
For the Wine quenches Fire, and the Wind scatters
Dust!

Take me and make me! For when you inspire
The Wine quickens Dust and the Wind fans the
Fire.

♦♦

Kindly Caricatures

(No. 45) Ernest R. Kroeger

MOST cultured of all our musical celebrities, knowing, as so few musicians do, a great deal about a great many things that a man ought to know, Ernest Kroeger is chiefly distinguished by his easiness as a mark for the panhandler of high and low degree. Some day he may wake up and do us a great "Hard Luck Symphony" that will render for us the spirit of the *chevalier d'industrie*. He does know enough to come in out of a thunder storm, but he never can see a shower coming, and his umbrella is at home if he's in the studio, and *vice versa*.

But you can't fool him on music, on the literature of music, on anything no matter how recondite about the only joy common to earth and heaven. Knowledge of the world may not be his, and his simplicity may be to laugh at, but in the world of tone—there's where he lives. Any musician anywhere in the seven climes will tell you that. Still he knows this so well that he is unconscious of it almost and he has no architectonic affectations.

In his youth he was a tinker. So was Bunyan. After days of soldering and clipping he put in nights of practice, and—he blushes not to confess it—early mornings. There are men to-day who cherish a dim hate of him for the sleep of which he robbed them in his matutinal scrapings. Study has made him the representative musician of St. Louis, our one man known internationally. They publish his works in Germany, where Music lives when she's at home. They are works, too, not mere saccharine pulings; serious works of composition. Here he teaches and those who meet him oftenest know least about his fame. You'd never suspect him. Even Sherlock Holmes couldn't discover that Kroeger is one of the contemporary masters of music in its higher forms. But if you happen upon a programme of any leading Eastern orchestra that plays to the *cognoscenti*, there you'll find Kroeger's compositions.

His fault—too German, too scientific, too mathematical. Fine musicianship, good taste, perfect mastery of his medium, but no soar. He doesn't incline to kick over standards and conventions, yet he has been strikingly successful in Oriental suites for the orchestra with fine color and rhythm. So in the pianoforte sonata he has a tinge of the grand manner along the lines of the German school. He is a musical Mezzofanti. He can play over five hundred com-

ALBERT BOCH

*Kindly Caricatures No. 45***ERNEST R. KROEGER**

positions of the better type without referring to a score. His lectures on music are always most interesting because he is a man of deep learning as to art and literature in general. His seriousness and profundity of knowledge are such that he leaves ordinarily well versed musicians floundering in attempts to follow him, once they have set him going.

There's not the faintest trace of the charlatan about him. He concedes little or nothing to the

half-baked. He doesn't even grow angry at those who make successes by appeal to the pale gray donkey intelligence. He is patient even with pretenders who perform antics before him that the people mistake for genius. His artistic pride makes him modest in a swirl of fakirs. He doesn't even exhibit contemptuous amusement. He is content with his work and with the discriminating understanding of an audience fit though few. You never catch him do-

ing stunts. He is satisfied to know he knows and for the rest he does not care. Something far back and deep down in him seems somehow to check his efflorescence into what you feel he could do. If you try to find out what this is, his gentle, simple manner turns every point of inquiry and defeats you. It is in this disappointment in him that he is most interesting. Yet you feel that some day he may do it—the big thing there is in him to do.

The Fool and the Wise Man

ONCE upon a time, a Fool started out on a journey. At first he was very happy and sang merrily as he skipped along, rejoicing with the birds and butterflies that flew among the flowers that bordered the way. Much to his surprise, as he journeyed farther and farther, the flowers and trees gave way to rocks and thorns, the breezes were no longer cooling, and the sun beat down mercilessly upon him. The Fool was hungry, thirsty and tired. The sharp stones cut his feet and he was very miserable.

As he was plodding along with hanging head he heard a welcome sound of falling water, and turning his head to see whence it came, he saw not far from the road a spacious garden, full of trees and fountains. He turned from the hard path, and going to the gate of the garden pressed his face against the bars and peered in. Seated in the midst of the garden, upon a marble bench, was a beautiful woman, who beckoned with her hand, and called to him bidding him enter.

The weary Fool placed his hand upon the latch and was about to obey her summons, when a Wise Man appeared upon the road, who called to the Fool and said, "Friend, do you know where you are going?" The Fool replied that he did not, whereupon the Wise Man spoke as follows: "That garden, which you are about to enter, is the home of the Beautiful Woman whom you see seated upon the bench. Her name is Sin. She offers you rest and refreshment. If you enter, she will show you pleasures of which you have never dreamed, but beware, as she will take your soul as payment for her services."

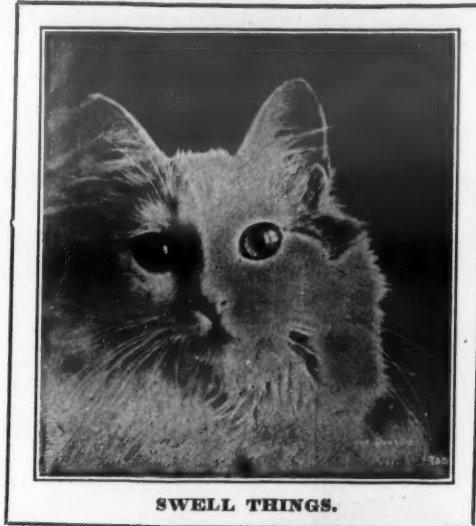
Now his soul was something that the Fool was wont to set great store by, so he returned to the highway still longing for the pleasures of the garden, but considering the price too great. The road seemed hotter and rougher than before, and to make matters worse, he was constantly tormented by the remembrance of the garden with its trees and fountains. At last he could stand it no longer. He quickly retraced his steps, and before long stood once more at the gate of the garden. This time he did not hesitate, but opened the gate and entered. The Beautiful Woman was still seated on the bench, and at her feet the Fool saw the Wise Man.—*From New York Life.*

The Ferment in the Far East

By William Preston Hill

FEW people realize the far-reaching results that are destined to emanate from the success of the Japanese in their late conflict with the Russians. All Asiatics feel now that "the spell is broken" and that they can hope, with proper organization, to defeat the Europeans in their own methods of warfare. The old prevalent idea that the European was a sort of preternatural being who with few numbers could overcome thousands of Asiatics, has been completely shattered. Travelers returning from the Orient have reported that since the Japanese victories the bearing of Asiatics towards Europeans has changed completely and the storm now gathering in China is likely to spread into a vast conflagration and involve the greater part of Asia, especially British India.

The common impression has been that the inhabitants of India were too much divided among themselves to be able to combine against their common oppressor and emancipate themselves from English rule, but some recent conferences, in which all these elements were represented and were animated by a common hatred of England, are likely to dispel this



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claim. England has industriously inculcated the idea that her rule in India has been beneficial to the inhabitants, and even American encyclopædias contain special pleadings to that effect; but the facts are that it is the greatest crime that has ever been committed in all the long annals of human greed and infamy and until English rule is completely annihilated and withdrawn, there is no chance whatever of happiness or prosperity for the people of India.

The apologists of England forget that the internal struggles that were taking place in India before the advent of the English, were of a progressive nature and that the horrors of peace may be far worse than those of war. That they are so in British India to-day, after centuries of British rule, no one familiar with the facts can possibly doubt. If anybody wished to paint the most frightful picture of what unrestrained extortion and exploitation are capable of he could use the condition of British India as an illustration.

The English landlords drain that country of hundreds of millions of dollars every year, without return, whether famine is prevailing or not. This drain or economic tribute has been going on at a steadily increasing rate for nearly two centuries and accounts for India's terrible poverty. It manufactures continued starvation and permanent famine on a scale unprecedented even in the annals of the East.

Even the railroads that England has built act as huge syphons to suck away the well being and vitality of the inhabitants. Is it any wonder that millions have perished of the plague and that tens of millions have died of actual starvation? Is it any wonder that such poverty is now the prevailing condition in India, as has never been known before in the world's history?

That these conditions are actually brought about by the English rule itself and by its system of land tenure is demonstrated by the fact that the 80,000,000 of people still under their own native princes, who retain their ancient laws and customs, are infinitely better off from an economic standpoint than the 220,000,000 subjects directly under British rule.

The Slowest Laundry

WHY we have NO AGENTS is because the most linen brought to AGENTS is so DIRTY that we would not handle them with such garments as we launder. We only take work from private individuals who live at their homes or in hotels or clubs. Such linen is NEVER dirty, but slightly soiled or mused. AGENCY linen is usually worn by people who must make two or three garments last them a whole week. The SLOWNESS of our laundry makes it not useful for any one who has not linen enough to last more than a WEEK.

The London Times, in a recent article, commented on this strange phenomenon, that all the advanced systems of administration, the stable justice and all the improvements of civilization that the English had introduced into India, had only served to render the condition of the Indian peasant worse than that of his neighbor under his own native tyrants, laboring under all the disadvantages of uncertain justice, autocratic government and arbitrary rule, besides the drawbacks of his crude and primitive methods of agriculture.

Lord Curzon, ex-Viceroy of India, explained that the cause of this difference was to be found in the different systems of land tenure. Under the native princes, they have retained the governmental ownership of land, which prevails all over Asia, in China and the Malay archipelago. Under this system of land tenure, the state owns all the land and leases it for short periods only to actual users. This is very similar in application to the Henry George idea of the Single Tax. This system has been retained by the Dutch government in its administration of the Island of Java, where the densest population in the world lives in comparative comfort and without poverty because of it. The German government found it necessary to retain this system in its Chinese province, Kiaon Chou.

But the English in India established the English system of private ownership of land and the result has been most unfortunate and disastrous among those teeming millions of people. It has created a class of alien landlords, who stand between the peasant and the soil, levying their ever increasing tribute with crushing and appealing effect. Here, as nowhere else on the earth, has this system been able to develop all its insidious and baneful effects, sapping all the life-blood of the people, and leaving their bones to bleach by the millions on their native heaths, as a portentous monument to human greed and iniquity. The nature of the climate and habits of the people strangely conspire to magnify all the latent horrors inherent in the system of private ownership of land. It would seem as if Fate had reserved

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this land, the cradle of humanity, in which to give private ownership of land its full sway, wherein to develop all its evils, as a monstrous object lesson to the human race.

♦ ♦ ♦

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jen:

YOU needn't have been so demnition scared a while back, lest the rich St. Louis girls will be left withering on the family snow-ball bush. Taint so. They're going off like flap-jacks and maple syrup on a January morn. Eugenia Howard is the latest. And that dapper little gent who has something to do with the *Star-Chronicle*, or maybe it was the defunct *Chronicle*—anyhow, he was engaged in genuine literary work on newspapers, and now he is engaged to "genie" and his name is Sterling Edmunds. Ah there, my boy, maybe you won't get a few pounds, Sterling when you lead Genie to the altar, eh? And what's that? Yes, dearest, she has a stupendous private fortune—stupendous for St. Louis, I mean—and manages her own property, so somebody connected with the Steedman family told me once. Carrie, her older sister, married one of the Steedmans, and I think they are just about the finest looking couple in the city, except, perhaps, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barrett.

Eugenia has been in mourning for the season—her grandmother died and left her some more money—ain't it perfectly scandalous the way rich people get richer? And then, oh my angel own, is when Sterling got in his good work. Just let a girl go out of the running for a short spell, with no promiscuous gents getting in bids for violets and theaters and partners for the mazy waltz, and then let one certain and particular young man who means biz all the way through, begin to make a few deft strokes and then a few more, and do the consolation act and

the tender thoughtfulness gag and the birthday and all-holiday souvenir play, accompanied by judicious calls—never too long—and a few equally judicious spins in his—or the garage's—best auto—and in three months, we can safely begin to pick out their Venetian glassware or the Colonial candlesticks we expect to see duplicated on the present table.

I never knew but one girl that had the strength of mind to stay unengaged while she was in mourning, Jane, and that was that stunning Miss Force—the one they call Nan. And you can just bet more francs than you've got, Jen, that there are a few particular gents round town tearing their manicured hair and biting their shampooed fingernails when they ponder on their utter futility and the discouragement of their fondest hopes. So far as Miss Force is concerned.

♦

Lessee what there is in the way of choice and succulent news morsels for you, dumpling. Heaven knows the town is dead enough—there aint been a genuine up-to-date bit of originality shown all winter in the entertaining line, and if we all aren't sick and disgusted with crush receptions and your clothes torn off'n you and a dab of colored ice cream and two salted almonds and shivering on the front stoop for an hour while they hunt your carriage and a new pair of elbow gloves every time, which cost the mun, my angel, and don't they, just? Nobody even gave a dandy masquerade like last year. Don't you remember what stacks of fun I had several times and how Florence Kelly went as a French maid and how refreshing it was to find somebody with some courage to do something different? Mark my honest words, Jane, there hasn't been a single original blow-out this whole year—private or public—and while people have spent money enough on the same old, stale affairs, if you were to suggest to any of 'em that they hire an opera singer for a thousand or a Sarah Bernhardt for an afternoon recital in French

—and you know how strong we are on our old French families, darling, and how they'd be sure to all turn out—or a Kubelik to fiddle for thirty minutes—why Jane, they'd faint dead away, that's what they would. The Chauvenets were the only people I know who ever sought to entertain their guests with the real thing, professionally, and before his death William McMillan's big house out in Westmoreland used to be lit up once in a while when some chic French singer was on this side of the herring pond. John W. Kauffman, too, brought down Chicago and New York musicians to give private musicales for his friends—you remember he was always daffy about good music—had Eames sing there once, and Clarence Eddy to play the organ many times—but three swallows like McMillan, Kauffman, and the Chauvenets don't make a summer of expensive luxury, Jane, and that's the sober truth.

It can't be that our people are "near," Jane, for they sure do spend enough money in other ways—but I guess most of 'em just don't know how to do the thing right, and so they take the safe if conventional and stupid road every time. And it's not altogether to their discredit, either. But there are some who never do a darned thing, when they know how. Look at the Edwards Whitakers. Emma is married and so they've no further anxiety on that score. She bagged one of the richest and handsomest men in town among the bachelors—but except for her wedding, which was conducted out doors on a June afternoon, two or three years ago, if my feeble memory holds good, darling, they might as well be in the middle of the Sahara Desert so far as keeping up their social end is concerned. And you know as well as I that Edith January Davis and John won't be lured into giving a smashing big affair—under any consideration—and, darling, let me whisper into your left shellpink—I do believe that Edith could get some of the Choral Symphony ar-

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Rip Van Winkle, by Joseph Jefferson, and Irving has a little to say about it, too.

A Dog of Flanders, by Ouida, especially for Roycroft knockers.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol, by Oscar Wilde. If you don't believe it's worth \$2.00, read this verse, (the 119th):

*And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!*

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The Roycrofters

(FOR THE PRESENT)

312 N. BROADWAY

tists for just about half price, too, since she runs that shebang this season.

“Joe” Salorgne was married to her nice Scullin husband last Saturday. A very quiet and genteel wedding at Pechmann's where they put up a week ago just for the event, as you remember how far from the court house that picturesque old place of the Salorgnes is. “Vi” Benoist Fisher and her new hubby, Leila Chopin and her also new hubby whose name I can't ever remember because it's so easy, I guess, and a few of us were the onlys present. “Joe” looked dandy, all in hand embroidered and that kind you know, which came from your darling Paris—they are always getting their things made in French convents. Jane—and dear Julia Cabanne was the only bridesmaid. Julia is such a comfort—the most sincerely unaffected and genuine girl in town—and I hope to gracious she marries a Prince of Finance from the leading metropolis of the Wurrld. There isn't a man in this town half good enough for her.

The “Ed” Loves got a hustle on themselves and loosened up for Irene, their oldest daughter, this week. Rather nice if entirely cut-and-dried kind of reception. Same pink roses, same conversation as I've heard at fifty more since December 1. Irene is pretty, and they should have no difficulty in marrying her off, which I suppose is the main and independent reason why people keep in the sassiety round when they have debutantes. The Fielding Olivers are the only family I ever heard of who express decided opinions to the contrary of that notion. When Fielding's two daughters got big enough to let down their dresses and tie up their hair, he up and said, “Now, my dears, just have a darned nice time, as nice as you can without getting into *Town Topics* or that awful St. Louis MIRROR, only don't let me ever hear one of you whisper that she wants a coming-out ball or a pale pink reception, for she won't get it. My daughters can have all the money they need and that I can afford, but they're not to be for auction. By Yucatan! and don't you forget it.”

Of course, you know as well as I, the natural and distinguished consequence. Margery married one of the richest young fellows in the army, after two years of more beaux than she knew how to count, and Julia is sitting up nights trying to keep her devoted slaves from fighting duels on her sweet behalf. They've been among the most popular girls in the city, and if that don't stack up pretty well for Father Oliver's sound common sense, I'm a simple-minded salamander.

Jumping Jackstones, Jane, I nearly forgot to give you some hot stuff, first hand about the Walsh reception. Mr. Walsh told Father yesterday that he was just able to sit up and take notice for the first time since last Monday or whenever the blow-out came off. He said it was fierce, and Father shook hands on the big recep proposition and then they clinched matters in the usual way and agreed to put up a stiff fight forever'n ever amen, should their women folks want any more off the same pattern. It isn't that the men seem to begrudge the cold cash, darling, but it's like housecleaning in the spring, with the carpets up and pails of water in untoward places and an occasional colliding with small pieces of wet soap in the middle of the night or thereabouts. But the Walsh doings were all for the new bride, little Jule's wife, and I might as well tell you right here and get it off my mind first as last, that she is bound to be known as little Jule's Big Wife, for she's tall and wide and considerably handsome, too, and my conscience! don't Jule look the proud possessor, though? They just came back from California, and Mrs. Walsh, the mamma-in-law, threw open the house. Mrs. Byron Babbitt told me the next day that they must have sent out a thousand invitations, and every blooming woman in town showed up, I do

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think. I went early so as to avoid the awful five o'clock jam which is getting to be the usual stunt lately—and bless your stars and garters, Jane, I never did see the inside of the dressing room and was an hour and ten minutes trying to get a chanst at the Walsh hand shakes. Josephine came home for this dingus. She is the one who married into the

army or navy. I guess it is her husband is now stationed at Fortress Monroe and is a very high-up officer, so I hear—Bates—and an old Philadelphia family. "Joe" can't bear big blow-outs like this one. She just looked too amused for expression—except a humorous one—all afternoon when people flocked around and grabbed her hand and asked her how she liked living in the East and if the weather hadn't well, even prettier than before her marriage—a very slim, elegant girl with such lovely manners. Ellen is going out again now, after a lot of sickness and after acquiring some few perceptible pounds of avoirdupois. She stood in line, with Jessie Walsh, who is Dickson's wife, you know, in a gorgeous robe of point desprite and point de Paree and point aux barque, I guess anyhow, it was largely "point" and looked fine and dandy. One of the McCormicks, think it was Harry's wife, did the chocolate act, and Marie Walsh, who is Mrs. Geraghty, assisted. Then Mrs. Charlie Palms, who is the oldest Walsh daughter, from Detroit, kinder floated round and made herself handy, and one of the Papin girls brought in the hot biscuit and the corn pone and whatever else it was which we had to eat, and altogether it was quite up to the scratch and that'll be about all I guess. Mrs. Palms is going to stay for some time—the other girls are all away from the house, you know, and young Jule is building his large bride a large house out in Portland.

Jimmie Wear is engaged to a Philadelphia girl who came down here to visit Mrs. Jimmie Drummond. Helen Dixon is the lady's name, and the night she was out at the Country Club with all the push, I thought her quite a good-looker. The Wear boys have pretty fair luck on their wives, you know. Joe married an Eastern girl—pretty New Yorker—and John tied up with Susan Slattery, who was an heiress, and with Jim off the stage now, that leaves only Arthur. Better hurry up girls, a-fore he gets snapped up by some designing young person from Boston or some sweet creature from Upper Alton.

Out at the St. Louis Club Ed Paramore is telling a story. It seems that he and a few of the other boys got together with a view to playing a game of poker, so they adjourned to one of the small rooms and told an old servant to bring a pack of cards.

When he brought them one of the members asked: "John, I suppose it would be something utterly new in this club if we were to do such a thing as play for money with these cards?"

The servant said, "I've seen every rule of this club violated except one."

"What one is that?"

"The one against tipping the servants."

Mrs. Joseph Gilman Miller has gone in for charity and you bet she'll make it go. She's one of the old O'Fallons, you know—the real stuff. They gave us O'Fallon Park and the beginnings of our public library, so public spirit's no new thing with them. She's interested with that fine-looking Eugenia McBlair who talks so well and knows what she's talking about. Their pet institution is the Salvation Army Day Nursery and it deserves help. This institution takes babies from working mothers and looks after them. The mothers are not pauperized. They're allowed to pay \$1 per week for the care of the kids and to have them at their own homes at the end of the week, over Sunday. The Salvation Army lasses have found some of these tots in coal-bins, with nipple bottles tied at their neck, so that they could feed while the mothers were out on service. They have forty-five of 'em—and the cutest little things they are, too. It's great for the babies, and also for the mothers who won't have to worry about the infants while away from them. Well, Mrs. Miller has taken the Olympic theater for the evening of Tuesday, April 17th, when Viola Allen will appear in her newest

play and she's going to sell it out for the benefit of the charity. Of course, with Mrs. Miller at the head of the affair, it will be the proper thing for all who would be known as in the swim, to get in line and buy tickets. 'Twill be a big affair and no mistake. More power to Mrs. Miller and Miss McBlair. Fashionable folk always look best to me when they are putting their fashion to the use of the helpless.

Poor Charlie Turner is dead and buried. He was a good fellow and he gave many a bunch of young folks a good time. I was glad to see his old friends rally at the funeral—men like Rolla Wells, Dave Francis, Dan Taylor and that crowd. That shows that he wasn't wicked or mean, but just the victim of vicious business custom. He did what others were doing to beat him. Now, that he's dead, it seems that Ellis Wainwright can come back from Paris and live here. Ellis should never have gone away. There was and is no case against him, as the court declared in a case on all fours with his. We need Ellis. He's a man of taste in art and books and life and he knows how to spend money. We have few like that. If you see him in the Champs Elysees tell him to hike out this way.

I must tell you of the happy remark made by Mrs. Bauduy, the *Globe-Democrat* society editor, to a woman whom she met the other day in that gorgeous waiting room at Nugent's store, that place that for a woman's club has the Woman's Club knocked all alligazam. Well, this woman was detailing some

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social news to Mrs. Bauduy, and in describing her gown at a function, spoke of her new diamond necklace.

"It's a present from my husband, and cost \$40,000. But"—fearfully—"don't put that in the paper."

"Madam," returned Mrs. B., "you need have no fear. I'm not the financial editor." That's almost sharp enough to have come from Lucy Stoughton, otherwise "Serena Lamb," of the *Republic*, who recently excused herself to a woman who had invited her to a function "on account of a subsequent engagement."

Got a horried gold id by dose the day it blizzed, had bustard water and lebodade for bine, darling.

BLUE JAY.

Aladdin

By Ernest McGaffey

HE came in the Spring, when the wild geese were flying North. A discouraged-looking box-alder, pent up in a wooden frame which throttled it closely, had put forth a tentative bud or two, and under the grime on its bark the March sap had begun to stir. There was no grass around the piano factory, no blue-birds, and no flowers. But by the calendar the employees knew it was Spring.

The Junior partner was in the office when Aladdin came in, and wanted work. Aladdin held his hat in his hand, and stated his wants in a sentence.

"What can you do?" said the Junior partner.

"Anything," replied Aladdin confidently. "Everything," he added comprehensively.

The Junior partner smiled. He was a queer-looking genius, to be sure. Tall, with a shock of red hair which surmounted his head like a bon-fire. A rather well-shaped head, too. A face both intelligent and child-like. But his hands—what well-kept and singularly shapely hands. They determined the Junior partner's decision.

"Well, we'll try you for a while," he said, after asking him a number of questions. "Any recommendations?" he had queried. "No," was Aladdin's answer. "What's your name?" had been another. At this question Aladdin had twisted his hat in his hands and had replied, "Well, I'm not traveling under any particular name just now; merely working around."

But the upshot of it was that he had been installed as a sort of man-of-all-work about the factory. He did whatever was required of him neatly and well. The Junior partner rather took a fancy to him. He used to say, "Tell you what, there's a history to that fellow." The Senior partner had little imagination in his tissue, and he simply shrugged his shoulders.

One Saturday afternoon, the big lamp, which the bookkeepers worked under at nights, as preferable to the glaring electric lights, was put into Aladdin's hands to clean. The Junior partner and a couple of other men were around, and after the man got the lamp in his hands he began to grow reminiscent. He branched off into personal history, impersonally related, and told wonderful yarns about adventures in the West, in the South seas, Australia, Africa, and many other parts of the globe. They were intensely interesting stories, too, and the men enjoyed them. It was on that day that the Junior partner, watching him rub the lamp and relate his romances, gave him the name, Aladdin. "Yes, that's it" said the Junior partner, "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. I told you he had a history" he said to Westlake.

They finally decided to make a watchman about the factory in place of Sam Woods, and put Sam in the factory. Aladdin was given a little room in the factory and the Junior partner put a bed in it, a wash-stand, bowl and pitcher, a little square mirror, and a comb and brush. Aladdin brought a big valise there and some books which he put up on a home-made shelf. Here he would sit at leisure moments and

read. His duties now kept him up nearly all night, so he was not around very much in the daytime.

One afternoon, however, he appeared in the factory office, and a friend of the Junior partner's was there trying one of the firm's new pianos. He played a little rag-time, and some snatches from one or two light operas. Aladdin was waiting to have a word or two with the Junior partner. "How do you like the music?" questioned the Junior partner.

"I don't care for that kind of music," said Aladdin easily. The Junior partner was fond of a joke. "Get up, Rivers," he said peremptorily. "This is my friend Aladdin," he announced to Rivers, "I want him to play me some of his kind of music." Aladdin had at that time been around the factory for four months, but had never touched one of the pianos. Rivers caught the spirit of the mock-seriousness of the Junior partner, and vacated the piano-stool with a "Certainly, I'd be glad to hear some good music."

Both he and the Junior partner were musical enthusiasts and perfectly familiar with the best.

Aladdin sat down, shrugged his shoulders, ran his hand through his bushy red hair, hesitated, and then with a wonderful touch and supreme sympathy he played a Chopin waltz. "Name of God, Aladdin," cried the Junior partner, "where did you learn to play like that?" Aladdin smiled deprecatingly, and then touched the keys again. It was Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and he played it exquisitely. The Junior partner looked at his hands as they floated above the keys of the piano. Sure enough, they were not ordinary hands. He turned from the instrument as he concluded, said "Leipsic," in answer to the Junior partner's inquiry as to his playing, and drifted out of the office and on up into his cuddy-hole of a room.

"Well, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Rivers.

Afterwards the Junior partner, tried to find out more about him, but in vain. Aladdin closed up like a clam on the subject of his personal history. Once and once only he consented to play with a violinist of the Junior partner's acquaintance, and the violinist was simply enraptured with the man's playing. But he refused to accept a position in the factory where he could play, and exhibit the pianos.

The Junior partner, satisfied that Aladdin was a mystery, had nevertheless taken a great fancy to him, and used to sound him as to many things. He found out that Aladdin was a perfect mine of information as to art, literature, science, and affairs, and that his language and erudition were those of a cultured man of the world. Time and again he put catch questions to him with the utmost gravity, and always Aladdin answered these correctly, and without hesitation. The Junior partner tried hard to make life easier for Aladdin, but Aladdin persisted in the unobtrusive tenor of his way. At night he guarded the factory closely, and during the day he slept part of the time and read during odd hours. The Junior partner tried

to lend him books, and did succeed in getting him to accept a few, but generally speaking, Aladdin had read most of the stuff the Junior partner brought down to the factory.

He could quote language, incident and names and dates from the books offered, and even wax enthusiastic over certain of his favorite characters. "Hypatia," "Don Quivote," "Salathiel," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Rasselas," "Walton's Angler," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," the Bible, "The Kasidah," novels, poems, biographies, scientific works—even "The Old Red Sandstone"—all were politely refused as what he already had in his little library, or that he had read before.

Summer and winter wore away and still Aladdin stuck to his task. Christmas came and went, and the last gusts of February ushered in the vagaries of March. It was the month he had appeared in. One afternoon he failed to come down and as he had been so methodical in his habits, the Junior partner went up to his room, and knocked on the door. There was no answer, so he gently pushed at the door and it opened. The room was empty and Aladdin's big valise was gone as well. Everything was neatly in its place, the bed, the wash-stand, the bowl and pitcher, the little square mirror, and the comb and brush.

Outside, the curling smoke-wraiths enveloped the city, and on the corner of the alley the struggling box-alder had again thrust out a reluctant bud or two, chocked as it was by the enveloping pine box in which it stood. There was no grass to be seen anywhere from the window of the room in which Aladdin had kept his lonely vigils. Flowers there were none, and of bird-songs the dearth that only a manufacturing district brings. Yet by the tattered calendar on the wall it was Spring. And high up, on outstretched wings and strong, the wild geese were flying North.

De Flagello Myrteo

214.

THE Ideal was never unchaste.

215.

Rare things of Love are but for the elect:
In Lindus' temple stood an amber bowl,
Lovely for all, sacred for him who knew
That Helen's breast had traced the mould for it.

216.

Dumb are the plastic and the graphic art,
Looking on Love the things they cannot say,
But Music unto Love on many a theme
Discourses, hearkening much from Love again,
And yet, though each hangs on the other's lip,
Their dialogue is but soliloquy.

217.

The ancients ascribed the invention of no musical instrument to Love, for they knew of none sufficiently sweet for him.

At The Play

Miss Constance Crawley.

Miss Constance Crawley will have gone from us before these lines appear. Unfortunately memory of her in her "Idylls from Shakespeare" will linger with but few, so few have seen her. The discriminating few remember more of Miss Crawley than of Shakespeare. Miss Crawley, in snatches of the bard, is unsatisfying. She does not reveal her power. She requires more scope. She appears to more advantage working out a complete pattern than in patch work.

The musical appurtenances do not help either the Shakespeare or the Crawley. There's too much parlor effect to the scheme.

Her *Ophelia* is triste enough, and the beauty in the madness is accentuated, so that somehow one loses the impression of the tragic. It is an idyll Miss Crawley makes of it, but that is just what Shakespeare did not make of it. The sense of tears in it is somehow lost, and one feels as if the affair took place in some realm where shadows move through similitudes of life.

Of the lady's *Hamlet*, one scarce can trust one's self to speak. She reads well, but she is no indecisive Dane. Her reproaches to her mother, the sardonic play with the mother's paramour over the death of *Polonius*, the monologue while the king prays—all these are done with intelligence, but not with the faintest approach to masculinity. All female *Hamlets* have been funny—Anna Dickinson's—Sara Bernhardt's—but Miss Crawley's is fine in that it does not come to that. You respect it. But it does not reach out into your heart.

Very much better is her *Juliet*. That has poetry, wistfulness, power. Its courageous helplessness grows upon one. No one, I venture, has ever better done the mystery, the wonder, the shadowing doom in joy of dawning love in the pilgrim's first kiss. In those gorgeous *rocco* lines at the casement, in the yearning impatience, the utter soul-surrender this woman were great, if she gave herself play. But the idyll form prevents. So in the endearments to the nurse to woo her story from her does this actress display all the supreme lure. And towards the end, before the taking of the potion, when she canvasses the fantastic possibilities of waking in the tomb she gives us a shrill *macabre* thrill, and we see all her horror, which yet is not stronger than her love. Yes; *Juliet*, as Miss Crawley showed a hand-ful of us Monday evening, is fine and sweet and strong, and strangely pure in passion.

But the idyll medium is not Miss Crawley's. Yet does she wonderfully in carrying so much of the whole of a play, in giving us one role so that from it we fill in the whole play. Her voice is as lutes and viols and silver bells and gold. Her expression is of remarkable mobility and without trace of strain.

Of her support needs only to be said that Mr. McCullough is marvelously distinct and rich and resonant, quite in the old fashion, though without rant, as *Claudius* and *Capulet*. Mr. Arthur Maude is a better *Laertes* than a *Romeo*. As the latter he is much too much in the minor key, lacking the fire of youth. The others in the casts are as good as expected.

As a whole, the programme does not show how deep and wide and high the range is of the Crawley talent—or genius. She needs a play wherein we can see her grow steadily towards her climaxes. Perhaps, too, she had been better had she had an audience Monday evening. There's a fearsome chill in a house of scarcely fifty. It chills even

the audience. How much more, the actor!

The Wizard of Oz.

"The Wizard of Oz" is "wizzing" at the Century this week. It's a "woozy" as well as "wizzy" entertainment, but one sees an awful bunch of grown-ups laughing at its sallies and flings, nevertheless. The immediate competitors of the Century were inactive last Sunday night, so a full house greeted "The Wizard"—even the sedate John Drew, who had a lay-off, was among 'em. The attraction is a musical extravaganza, fearfully void of vocal stars—some of the singers couldn't even be heard in the front row. And the chorus singing isn't anything to boast of. Allene Crater, the *lady lunatic*, and Marion Stanley, as *Trixie Trylle*, sang best among the women, and Fred H. Stone and David C. Montgomery, the *Scare Crow* and the *Tin Soldier*, delivered the melody for the male members of the cast. The football song of Stone and Montgomery is one of the best things in their repertoire. Miss Crater, Messrs. Stone and Montgomery, the cow and the lion furnished most of the stunts intended to be laughed at. The stage pictures were as pretty and effective as usual—the poppy field and its transformation particularly so—while the cyclone illusion in the first act, is well executed.

De Lancy.

The delectable Mr. Drew has such an inordinate penchant for riding trousers that one can't help thinking sometimes that perhaps in the capacious folds of his pantaloons may lurk the magic of his art, for which he is so justly famous. If there isn't something in 'em, why does he cling so affectionately to 'em? And why has it been that all his plays have presented him thus, and now "De Lancy"? There must be something in 'em besides Drew. Who knows but that, like the famous magicians and prestidigitateurs. Mr. Drew draws on his trousers for inspirational effects? But even if his trousers are his accomplice, one could only wish that other colleagues of Mr. Drew, and actorines, might affect sartorial allies.

Mr. Drew's work in "De Lancy" is decidedly cameo-like and highly polished. He is not called upon to attempt anything new; in fact, it is as though Mr. Drew drafted the play, and Mr. Thomas imparted to it linear embellishment. It is along pretty near the same lines, and theme with which Mr. Drew has always been associated, yet there is no detection of the warmed-over flavor. It is wholesome, polite, bright American comedy, a sort of dramatic clinic on love, marriage, divorce and one or two kindred incidents of life. It is a play that unfolds easily, clearly, and is interesting from curtain to curtain. One would scarcely think that the overworked love topic could be so enjoyable. The story is of love, straight, place and show, and revolves about a grass widower, who is leading an apparently fascinating bachelor life, *Jacqueline Markle*, a pretty girl, his playmate of childhood days, a man friend, *Dr. Morton*, her fiancé, and still another pretty girl, *Eraine Millard*, the friend of the bachelor's playmate. *De Lancy* is the bachelor chap. His wife has divorced him because she suspected him of other amours, and, more, to the point, of an affection for *Jacqueline*, his chum from childhood. As a matter of fact, he does love *Jack*, but she's engaged to his friend, and so he endeavors to grin and bear his fate. But *Jack*, meanwhile, begins doubting her own heart, and finally ends in confessing to *De Lancy* her love for him. He affects astonishment, indifference, even does some confessing himself, admits there's

another he has set his heart on, all out of loyalty to *Morton*, and eventually, after *Jack's* suspicious father has fumed and fussed and plotted much, it develops that *Dr. Morton* isn't so madly in love with *Jack* as he is with her girl friend, *Eraine*, whom he had met and kissed six years before, while hunting over her father's land. Then comes the happy denouement in a story that isn't much out of the ordinary in life, and not at all on the stage, but always interesting, nevertheless.

There isn't so much of fine acting as of excellent reading of lines, turning of phrases and epigrams, in fact, it is the best sustained dialogue devoted to a modern dramatic production in this country in some time. Mr. Drew, in the title role, reflects all the so-called irresistible charms of the free and easy bachelor who loves lovely women, takes a fling at the stimulants moderately, admires fine horses and enjoys a game now and then. He is *bon vivant*, *sans* money and *sans* business, but his friends are legion in both sexes. The impression Mr. Drew leaves is that of an actor who dislikes to see the game of make-believe end—he is so deeply in love with it. The theater is home to him; the stage itself, his club.

In "De Lancy" Mr. Drew has an admirable collaborating force. Such a trio of capable women as Miss Kate



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Meade, who enacts the role of *Aunt Ruth*, *De Lancy's* guardian angel in matters of love and finance; Miss Margaret Dale as *Jacqueline Markle*, in love with *De Lancy*, and Miss Doris Keane as *Eraine Millard*, the florist's daughter and *Jack's* chum, are seldom seen in one and the same cast. Miss Meade's is an ideally clever presentation of the generous old aunt, with an inclination for match-making, but with a bad subject for work in her nephew.

And what a delightful *Jack* is Miss Dale's, so thoroughly American, so keen for the enjoyment of the "failings" of the man she loves—his bachelor apartment and his cigarettes—but never quite stepping into the d-f. class.

Miss Keane's *Eraine* is equally as true a portrait, but of a girl with another view of life, love and men. She's as capable as she is pretty, and that's a whole lot.

Among the men Walter Hale's *Dr. Morton* is done quite up to the mark without any apparent strain, and Mr. Menefee Johnson's impersonation of the irate and stern father of *Jack* is one of those perfect bits of work so rarely witnessed.

Mr. Thomas has a happy faculty for drawing butlers. *De Lancy's* man, *J. M.*, is one of them. We are left to imagine Mr. Nichols as his best, for the most important part of his work is ac-

complished while out of sight of the audience. This is a trick of Thomas', having quite an important character out of the play most, if not all the time. You'll remember that in "The Earl of Pawtucket," the most important person, after the Earl, doesn't show up at all.

If you want to hear a good, sweet light opera voice in a generous, and some respects, classic series of melodies, the Grand's attraction will please you. The musical show, "Paul Jones," is on there, and the gifted Rose Cecilia Shay is the prima donna, while Claire Ashford is *Yvonne*. Miss Shay sings as willingly, easily and gracefully as she does sweetly. One of her interpolations that is particularly captivating is an aria from Saint Saens' "Samson and Delilah." There are other vocalists in the company, but Miss Shay rather eclipses all. Miss Ashford is a pleasing *Yvonne*, and the others in the cast, including the chorus, are up to a good standard. The stage pictures are well done, the popular illuminated floral swing scene particularly so.

There are innumerable good features in the current Standard attraction. The novel singing and dancing of the Six Empire Girls, a London importation, constitute the leading feature of the performance, and give the American vaudeville women an idea to spread on. The warm greeting the audiences give the attractive foreigners is unmistakable evidence of the public's taste for such entertainment. Next to the Empire girls comes Jolly Zeb, who is most amusing in the two travesties, and then follow Clara Raymond, comedienne; Palfrey and Barton, acrobatic cyclists; Marie Stuart Dodd and Ed Johnson. There are several new songs rendered, and the best of the already known popular melodies.

May Gebhardt and Maj. Caspar Nowak, her sawed-off accomplice, are furnishing a fairly good blend of comedy at the Gayety. They figure largely in the two travesties presented, "All at Sea," and "Jolly Old Sports." Bohannon and Corey in well sung, handsomely illustrated songs, MacFarland and McDonald, comedians; Niblo and Spencer in novelty dances, are a few of the many clever burlesquers with "The World Beaters."

A rather fair presentation of the drama William Gillette made popular with the masses—"Sherlock Holmes"—is being given at the Imperial this week, with Erroll Dunbar in the title role. A few sequential exploits of the great modern detective, those which have for their purpose the protection of a pretty girl, have been chosen as the vehicle. Mr. Dunbar makes a pretty stiff jab at Mr. Gillette's style, but it generally side-steps. Still Mr. Dunbar gives an effective impersonation of the great deductionist, and succeeds with the aid of the latest mechanism of the stage and the accurate application of a musical instrument or two, in thrilling his auditors continuously. Miss Leora Spellmeyer, a pretty St. Louis girl, who is valiantly struggling for histrionic honors, and succeeding fairly well, takes the part of the girl in the story, and does her work intelligently. Charles J. Edmunds is another member of the cast whose work is meritorious.

Coming Attractions.

Mrs. Fiske, who delighted the St. Louis theater-goers earlier in the season with her "Leah Kleschna," will be at the Garrick next week supported by the same sterling company that was employed in the New York engagements of Mrs. Fiske. Two plays are to be presented, pieces in which Mrs. Fiske has the amplest opportunity to reveal her musical talent. She will appear in "Leah Kleschna" every eve-

ning, except Friday, when "Hedda Gabler" will be the attraction. By special request of St. Louis theater-goers, Saturday there will be a matinee performance of "Leah Kleschna."

Grace George, in Margaret Mayo's adaptation from Mrs. Ward's novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," a play that has had a long successful run in New York, will be the attraction at the Olympic next week, commencing next Monday night. Miss George is an actress of versatility and force and she is said to be pleasingly cast in this play, which is new to St. Louis. The supporting company includes a number of persons well known in stagedom.

Next Sunday night Marguerite Hillington in the stellar role of "The Lion and the Mouse," a piece that has run successfully in the East for some months, will open a week's engagement at the Century. This play is by Charles Klein, author of that great success, "The Music Master," and it is said to be one of the most interesting of the recent additions to the drama. The cast is a strong one, including, among others, Arthur Byron, George Parsons, Grace Thorne, Joe Kilgour and Flora Juliet Bowley.

Coming to the Grand next Sunday for a week's stay is the piece known as "Me, Him and I." The stars of the production are Messrs. Sullivan, Watson and Whitelaw, and their performance is said to be unusually entertaining and farcical. There are some singing specialties in the show, too.

The attraction at the Imperial next week will be "Ninety and Nine," a drama of uniqueness and force. The engagement opens with a Sunday matinee. There is said to be a capable company in charge of the piece.

"The Alcazar Beauties," a burlesque show presenting some of the comparatively old and many new features in the entertainment line, will open a week's engagement at the Standard next Sunday with a matinee performance. There are two farces and a big olio bill to keep the audience entertained.

The Gayety presents next week the burlesque attraction known as "Wine, Women and Song." There are sprightly songs, some dancing, lots of comedy and several small sketches of merit in addition to the main features of the entertainment.

The German Stock Company at the Odeon next Sunday night is to give another comic opera, "Fatinitza." This Suppe work is in high favor in St. Louis. The Bostonians presented it at Uhrig's Cave in the hazy garden days. The Heinemann-Welb forces are now more than in trim for a capital presentation of "Fatinitza," for its singing forte has already been demonstrated in "Bocaccio." Emily Schoenfeld will, of course, sing the part of Vladimir Samoloff, the frisky young lieutenant, who masquerades as Fatinitza, and ensnares the heart of old General Kantchukoff. Julia Bruer, who has won her first stage spurs with the St. Louis Amateur Opera Company, under the training of Mrs. Nellie Haynes, will sing the part of the Princess Lydia. Hans Kissling is cast as Julian Hardy, the reporter, and will also take upon himself the staging of the operetta. Fritz Beese will sing Sergeant Steppann, and Izzet Pasha will be enacted by Max Hanisch. The smaller parts will fall to the other capables of the company. The orchestra will be enlarged, and the regular chorus will be augmented by singers from the North St. Louis Liederkranz. The presentation of this piece is a praiseworthy effort, and deserving of hearty public support.

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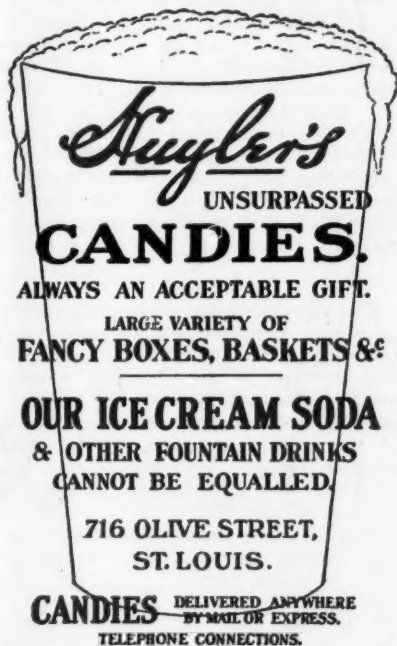
NOTICE—G. Giuseffi L. T. Co., now at 3529 Olive street, will remove May 1st, to their own building, 3900 Westminster Place.

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Faulkner's "Venice."

Venice has been painted till all painting reeks of her charm. But no one has painted Venice more lovingly and in deeper sympathy with the city's color moods and tones from dawn-dusk to dark, than Herbert Faulkner, whose collection of more than forty pictures of the Queen of the Adriatic are on show at the Kocian Gallery in Locust street. His Saluta at Dawn is a delicious thing in gold-shot gray. His Saluta in afternoon light with a ghost moon to the East is bewitching. His far *campanili*, his domes seen through mist are of the essence of painting. Not all his work is perfect. His "St. Mark's in Golden Sunlight" has the sunlight all right enough, but the church looks squat. A sunset in this collection is quite luridly conflagrational. It is too violent. His "Marriage of the Adriatic" is somewhat stiff, even if it avoids nearness and detail. But a night scene is superb and ranks with the afternoon-lighted Saluta. It is night as seen nowhere but in Venice, just as dusk blends into purple. "A Misty Morning in Venice" is mystically beautiful. Indeed Faulkner has "fallen down" but once or twice in his twenty-seven oils. He has given us a panorama of a day in Venice and done it with a remarkable effect of subtle variation in the spirit of the place with different hours. The figures are not what might be expected, but there is no picture that has not points to make one forget its faults. In his seventeen water-colors there are at least five absolutely perfect pieces, all small, but with an atmosphere and breadth of treatment that are charming.

These pictures are fine art, yet easily



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understanded of the people. They were displayed at the Museum of Fine Arts. Nobody saw them, though the Museum bought one for its walls. They will be on view at the Kocian galleries for a week. There's nothing more refreshing than to step out of the down-town swirl and bustle of the street into the calm, the restfulness of these pictures in the Kocian gallery. It is an escape from the world into the realm of dreams. Faulkner's work is work that we should know more about.

Mr. Bacon—"When a woman tells a fairy story, she always begins like this: 'Once upon a time.'" Mrs. Bacon—"Yes; and when a man tells a fairy story he always begins like this: 'There, now, dear, don't be angry with me; you see it was like this.'"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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Music

Union Musical to the Front.

The Kneisel Quartette, thanks to the efforts of the Union Musical Club, has established a fine following in St. Louis. Chamber music has hitherto been caviare to the "polite set," and the fashionables who, for one reason or another, felt it incumbent upon themselves to sit through an evening of "absolute" music in company with a few appreciative musicians and music lovers, in years gone by, endured in bored silence. However, the energy and persistence of the Union Musical in bringing the Kneisels to St. Louis season after season, has cultivated a taste for this unpopular form of musical entertainment. The audience at last week's concert, included nearly everybody socially or professionally prominent in this city, and the enthusiasm was, without doubt, genuine, and by no means confined to the elect.

Without much flourish of trumpets, the Union Musical Club in making a field here for the Kneisel Quartette, has done more to educate the public musically, than all other local organizations combined.

The programme planned for the club's Lenten recital is consistent with the educational work of the club. The works to be presented, with one or two exceptions, will be new to St. Louis. Mrs. Charles B. Rohland, who directs the concert, has selected a Requiem, by Kiel, compositions by Galluppi, Palestrina, Schubert, Berlioz, Vincent D'Indy and Liszt.

Charles W. Clark, fine singer and musician, will be the chief soloist.

Miss Critchfield's Success.

The largest Sunday afternoon audience of the season enthused over Miss Irene Critchfield at the latest "Pop,"

and swelled the number of songs programme from four to six.

Miss Critchfield possesses a brilliant, vibrant, soprano, of unusual power and compass. Her best work was done in an effective song by Miss Fleta, Jan Brown, the composer assisting at the piano.

The Misses Sondheim.

The seriousness of purpose and high ideals of the two St. Louis girls who will appear at the Odeon in a recital of ensemble piano composition is evidenced in the programme to be presented. The opening number will be a Bach concerto, to be followed by variations by Saint Saens on a Beethoven theme. Liszt's "Concerto Pathetique" is another magnificent composition to be played.

The Misses Sondheim, although natives of St. Louis, have been heard here once only since their successful appearance in Berlin, London, New York and Boston, and this concert, in addition to the unusual interest inspired by playing of the young ladies, will be attractive as a novelty.

Mrs. Wyer and Miss Wirthlin.

The song and piano recital to be given by Miss Rosalie Wirthlin and Mrs. Berenice Crum-Wyer, at the Musical Art Hall on March 7th, is an event of some importance, musically.

Miss Wirthlin is the most artistic and authoritative local exponent of the best in song literature; namely, the Schumann, Schubert and Brahms Lieder. Miss Wirthlin, in addition to these examples of great song writing, will be heard in songs by contemporary German composers, new to St. Louis audiences.

Mrs. Wyer's interpretations show remarkable insight, and she has, to a remarkable degree, the faculty of elucidating a composition by subtleties of touch and phrasing that make her

work a pattern for all students of the piano.

A Protest Against Piracy.

St. Louis, February 25, 1906.

To the Music Editor St. Louis Mirror: While on the subject of the notorious local publisher you mentioned last week, kindly give space to this excerpt from a letter written by Moszkowski, published some time ago in an Eastern Music Journal:

"I have before me a copy published by _____, of St. Louis, Mo., of what purports to be a reprint of my 'Valse,' Op. 34. On the outer title pages these publishers have a long list of what purports to be reprints by them of compositions of mine. In most cases they have altered the title, which I give to my works, and adopted in their stead titles such as are used by saloon music composers of the lowest type, in order to appeal to the vulgar taste of a totally uncultured multitude. Not content with this external defacement, these publishers have debased the contents of my compositions. In the case of the 'Valse' above mentioned, hardly one single measure has escaped alteration, whole pages of the original are omitted, other pages are added, the whole style of the composition has throughout, in an unheard of manner, been most brazenly vulgarized. All this was done without informing the public by so much as one word, that this is an edition of my composition by some hand other than mine. In other words, not only is my work subjected to such prostitution, but I am charged with the authorship of this bastard creation."

Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Liszt are not alive to add their protest to the mutilation and defacement of their works, so your precious publisher continues unmolested to issue "sonatinas" by Beethoven, "Mendelssohn's Spring Song with Grand Concert cadenza by Liszt," and so forth, all in-

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Letters From the People

THE GLUT OF GOLD.

Des Moines, Ia., Feby 19th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The whirligig of time brings its revenges. In several great newspapers of late I have come across editorials deploring the fact that there is likely to be an overproduction of gold and that the United States alone produced a gold dollar for each of us. Being in somewhat of a reminiscent mood I cast my memory back to the campaign of 1896, and brought to mind the reams of editorials written in the conservative (?) press in favor of the gold standard and the stability of gold as a measure of value. How Bryan was sneered at and ridiculed as an ignoramus because he insisted upon the truth of what is known as the quantitative theory of money; that is, the value of the dollar is based upon the number of dollars in circulation, and not upon the material of which they are made. Mr. Bryan maintained in 1896 that there were not enough gold dollars in the world to carry on the business of the world, and, therefore, it was necessary to increase the number of dollars by the free coinage of silver. To-day the production of gold is greater than the combined production of gold and silver in 1896, and the result is the dollar has fallen in value in relation to other things just as Bryan said it would if free coinage of silver were adopted. The unlooked-for increase in the production of gold has vindicated the quantitative theory of money and rendered the free coinage of silver unnecessary. As things look now there will, in the near future, be a veritable flood of gold and all the arguments of the gold standard papers, to the effect that the gold dollar is a dollar of stable value, will be proven fallacious. It is not improbable that before many years the annual production of gold in the world will reach \$1,000,000,000, which, when added to the existing stock will so cheapen it that the men who have insisted that the principal and interest of all bonds should be payable in gold will feel that their editorial teachers have taught error instead of truth. I expect before a great while to see the plutocratic press, with all the solemnity and superior wisdom for which it is noted, proclaiming that the gold dollar is a dishonest dollar, and its coinage, except in limited quantities, prohibited. It is seldom that time vindicates a man as soon as it has vindicated Bryan, but in the enormous production of gold in the past nine years it has vindicated him with a vengeance.

OBSERVER.

(In an address before the Bankers' Club, in Chicago, Feb. 18th, George E. Roberts, director of the mint, made reply to the above contention. Mr. Roberts declared that there was no need for worry about the increase in the gold production at present. He added that the continued increase in the supply of money did not mean a continued increase in the country's prosperity. He said the development of countries such as Japan, China, and the West Indies in the last few years had heavily increased the demand for gold, and predicted that in the near future their development would so increase as to make the demand heavier.—ED. MIRROR.)

AN ANGUISHED MOTHER.

St. Louis, February 20th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Has any one ever solved this phase of the servant problem—the copying of the designs and colors of the gowns, hats, cloaks of the lady or ladies of the house by the women servants?

I have two daughters. I try to dress them up to their station in life. Not

a thing can I buy them that isn't duplicated, to the casual glance at least, in the garments of the cook or the house girls. It is enough to make me cry with vexation every time I think of it. They get hats and at a good price. Immediately they are cheaply duplicated by the help. They even copy the girls' veils. I have heard from kind friends—you know the kind of kind—of the help being mistaken for the girls on the street.

What can I do? The help is good in everything else. But it will copy Millie's and Marjorie's gowns. Yes, I know imitation is the sincerest flattery, but suppose there was some one imitating you all the time—how would you feel? Why, I found out the other day that the help had even supplied themselves with small vials of an especially delicate perfume affected by my daughters. But there's worse yet. My stationery has been fac simulated by the house-girl.

My husband says, with something much like an oath, fire them; but it is no slight matter to discharge servants these days; it is so difficult to get others. Do you think that it would do any good to plead with these people?

VON VERNON AVENUE.

(Here's a case to fit which we find "nothing in the books." We would welcome a recipe for the smoothing and soothing of this domestic difficulty. Almost anyone, we imagine, can understand this mother's anguish of spirit.—ED. MIRROR.)

THE EASTER RABBIT.

Calico Rock, Ark., Feb. 18th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I was talking of Easter with friends the other evening and we were all stumped by the significance of the rabbit as an Easter symbol. What mean the Easter rabbit and the Easter egg?

AN ADMIRER OF REFLECTIONS.

(We dig this out of a convenient scrap-book: The rabbit and the tinted egg were associated as symbols of natural fertility with the old Germanic spring festival. As the Easter of the Church calendar fell at about the same period of the year, the two festivals, our ancestral heathen celebration and the imported Christian feast, insensibly fused and the emblems of the one have come down to our life attached to the other.—ED. MIRROR.)

GERMAN-AMERICAN POETS.

St. Louis, Feb. 23d, 1906.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

In your issue of February 22d, in a review of the poems of our local pastor, Pedro Ilgen, the reviewer, Mr. M. P. Stahl, alludes to the lack of German poetry from German-Americans, and quotes Prof. Hugo Muensterberg to prove it, and account for it. There is no such lack. I refer you to the *Literary Digest*, February 24, page 279, where are four portraits of German-American poets, and a condensation of an article by George Sylvester Viereck, who wrote the introduction to Pedro Ilgen's verses, in the *New Yorker Review*. Here we read:

"An idea of the age and extent of this literature is furnished us by the anthology, 'Deutsch in Amerika,' published some ten years ago in Chicago. The book is divided into a Religious and a Political Period, and the Present. The Religious Period (1673-1825) begins with Frans Daniel Pastorius; the first name of the political division (1825-1850) is the celebrated Franz Lieber. The intentions of the editors were better than their taste, and the value of the book is historical rather than literary. Then followed 'Dorn-



A woman's age is judged by her hair.

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osen' ('Roses amidst Thorns') another volume of selections, which is now out of print. And finally (1906) Dr. G. A. Neff brought out a collection of poems by living German-American writers, entitled 'Unter dem Sternenbanner' ('Under the Star-Spangled Banner'). One hundred and three authors are here represented. It appears that the literary life of our German fellow citizens is far richer than we generally realize. At this moment no less than eight hundred German newspapers and periodicals are published in this country, some of which have a circulation of over a hundred thousand. And his book, the editor claims, 'gives voice to ten million Germans from the Hudson to the Golden Gate.'

It seems that this good old town comes in for high honors in this connection, for we read again:

"Konrad Nies, of St. Louis, is the most accomplished of German-American singers. 'Under his hand language becomes wonderfully melodious.' Mr. Nies is a romanticist through and through, in spite of the sounding, here and there, of a more modern note; and it was he who invented with reference to German-American poetry the poignant expression, 'roses in the snow.' At present he is lecturing in Berlin on the German poetry of America. In one of his lectures Mr. Nies said that while, sooner or later, his native language and the language of his art is bound to die out on this continent, its spirit will survive, to be not the least beneficent ingredient of American culture."

A number of poets and at least two poetesses are mentioned, but among them I find not the name of Pedro Ilgen, our beloved Lutheran pastor, although Viereck prefaces the work reviewed by your Mr. Stahl. The most interesting of them all is Martin Drescher, of Chicago, an anarchist who is compared with Francois Villon. One of the poetesses referred to is Fernande Richter ("Edna Fern"), known to St. Louisans chiefly through her fight against the Sunday "lid" with our own Father Coffey, and in Washington as an advocate of beer interests in legislation. Of her Viereck says that "her ballads, as well as her lyrics, have a strong individual flavor, and her prose approaches in grace and charm the style of Richard le Gallienne." So you see, "there are others" representing St. Louis in American-Germanic poetry than Pedro Ilgen, good though he be. Your reviewer, Mr. Stahl, is not "up" on the subject of which he writes.

TEUTOBOCCCHUS.

"HARK! IT IS THE CAT!"

February 24, 1906.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

During one of the upheavals in the affairs of the *Musical Courier*, of New York, there appeared in your columns—and from the editorial pen—some pointed comments on musical advertising and the ethics of musical criticism. It is superfluous, therefore, to say that when musical journalism ceases to reflect or fails to reflect the art life of a city, it has no legitimate reason for being. It certainly should not degenerate into a mere debit and credit account of the journalist.

In your issue of Thursday, 22d, is a wordy attack on the members of the vocal cult in general, and St. Louis in particular, with special emphasis upon the pupils of S'briglia and Marchesi of Paris. Your reviewer's endeavor to elevate local art, looks very disinterested, until one recalls that he has recently adorned the windows of his studio with the gilded legend, "School of Music."

The vocalist whose fortunes have been recently linked with this "School

of Music" is, as far as I am informed, one of the few experts admitted in the general arraignment of a hard-working portion of the profession. This vocalist was recently adroitly advertised in your paper as the woman who went for eight years like a Wandering Jew from city to city, and from artist to artist, Paris, Berlin, London—S'briglia—Marchesi—Shakespeare—without finding what she wanted. This is advertising surpassing that of the patent medicine man. Of course the most casual reader pauses to ask, "Who is this remarkably itinerant person, and what under the canopy of heaven did she want?" While the quality of the advertising is beyond criticism the question with this profession is, "Should the column supposed to represent the art of the town be used to further the private business of the editor thereof?" The one fake to whom the worst "voice wrecker" may take off his hat is the so-called musical critic whose pen is guided by toadyism and graft. As for Giovanni, S'briglia and Mme. Marchesi, they need no defense from my feeble pen. Their pupils and adherents have peopled the artistic world.

I can hardly believe that Jean De Reszke and Mme. Eames belong to that ignoble element in the profession who profit by the training (often unremunerated), of great artists, and then try to kick over the ladder by which they have climbed. I prefer to believe that Henderson, in his intention to produce readable stuff, has treated his facts with lightness. He is an interesting raconteur with a decidedly personal note in his treatment of current happenings. I remember one appearance of Nordica in a part now pronounced her greatest, when Henderson opened his critique of her work with "Hark! It is the cat." He, too, has a debit and credit account, and musical graft is not always a matter of dollars and cents, until you resolve it to its elements.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to say, in closing, that on Tuesday evening, the 20th, the Union Musical Club presented to some thousands of hearers the Kneisel String Quartette, the acknowledged American exponents of the highest style of musical composition, the greatest musical event, since the production of Parsifal last season. Your reviewer ignores the event entirely. He seems to have other uses and more personal ones for the space. Very truly yours,

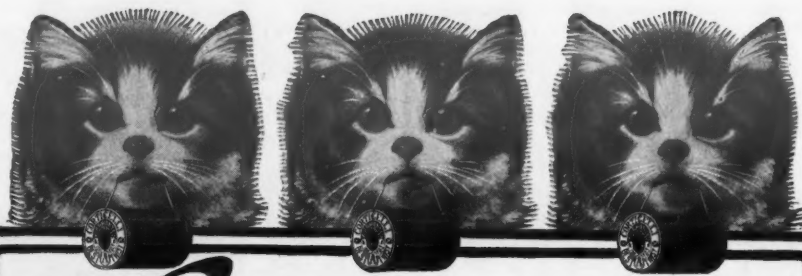
HARRIET DOWNING MACKLIN.

IN DARKEST RUSSIA.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 25th, 1906.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

A remarkable judgment has just been rendered by the courts in Lodz, Russian Poland, which should set some of our people here thinking, and which ought to be framed and dedicated to each branch of the Citizens' Industrial Alliance. In Lodz the management of the yarn factory of the Coats, a branch of the great English house of that name, has been sentenced by the court to pay to eight hundred workmen whom they had laid off for ten weeks, the full wages for this time. The managers had announced that the factory had to be closed, because they had no coal. The court proved that there was no want of coal, that only the price of coal was so high that the works would have had higher expenses if they ran, but this, the court decided, was no sufficient reason for the managers to break their agreement with their employees. The "darkest Russia." How far advanced management had to pay—and that in we are here in our enlightened America over those semi-barbarian Russians! M. P. S.



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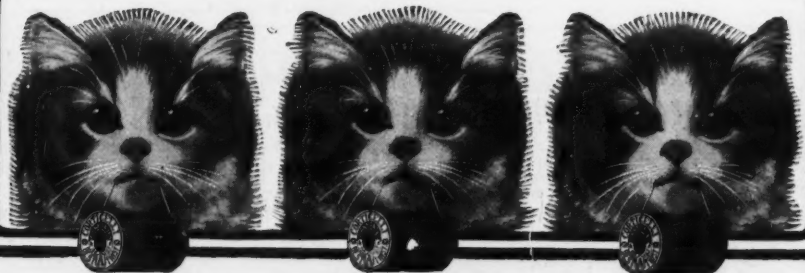
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A PERTINENT QUERY.

St. Louis, February 24, 1906.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

Why is it that a "coal testing" plant is allowed to remain in Forest Park—and funds even supplied for its continuance—when we are endeavoring, with all our might, to rid this same park of all remnants of the late Fair, of which this plant is certainly the chief one? The object which first suggested the

plant, may have justified placing it in the park at the time of the Fair, but its continuance certainly cannot be justified any more than could that of any other steam plant in the Fair. While we are endeavoring to rid the park of the railroads, we are counseling the continuance of something equally as objectionable.

Perhaps, if you publish this, some one of our officials may explain. Yours truly,
T. P. RITCHIE.

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LIMITING FORTUNES.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 25th, 1906.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

According to a newspaper dispatch from Washington, D. C., Congressman James T. Lloyd, representing the First District of Missouri, by request, introduced a resolution in the House Saturday proposing an amendment to the Constitution limiting private fortunes to \$10,000,000. Wherever the limit is exceeded, the excess shall be considered as a "public nuisance, folly, or peril," and be forfeited to the United States.

Of course there is no question that this proposition will never become a law, but suppose it should, how is Mr. Lloyd going to make people to own up to that limit—exceeding wealth, while they would forfeit by declaring it? Would not a law like this only put a premium on perjury, which crime, even under the present taxation laws, is too abundant all over the land? Don't make perjurers of the people. Take off all other taxes and put a single tax on land, that cannot be hidden or carried away like stocks and bonds.

SINGLE TAX.

The Stock Market

The bull forces are still clinging to hopes of a resumption of the upward movement in the near future. Old favorites continue to be manipulated as of yore. Reading and Union Pacific made sharp, jerky gains in the last few days. The last-named stock is now selling ex the semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent. Bull talk on it is as confident and insistent as it ever was in the past twelve months. Much is heard of coming dividends on Southern Pacific and of the enormous value of the Union Pacific Company's equities in Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares as powerful arguments in favor of much higher prices for Union Pacific common. Reading common, it appears, is being jackscrewed on general principles. There's at present no particularly weighty reason for pyrotechnics in this stock, even if we should admit that the coal strike will be averted when the crucial moment arrives. Among well-informed traders the opinion is expressed that the astounding strength in, and price quoted for, Reading common must be regarded as the outcome, principally, of an extensive short interest. This short interest must have been increased considerably during the drop from 160 to 135, because it is a well-known habit of the average trader to be aggressively bearish on any stock that has scored an extensive break. If the manipulation for the rise should be resumed or continued in Reading common, the manipulators will make it their special object to drive in the audacious bears. Of course, in the distant background there looms up the prospect of higher dividend rates on the shares. This is something that will figure prominently in Wall street gossip as soon as the strike question has been definitely settled.

Not much can be said of a dividend on Southern Pacific, because this is a matter exclusively to be decided by the Harriman clique. Something will be paid on the shares as soon as insiders have acquired all the stock they want and need at low prices. That Southern Pacific is entitled to, and earning, a good dividend cannot be gainsaid. For this reason, it may be recommended as one of the really tempting purchases on the list. What was said here some time ago, merits repetition: Southern Pacific will eventually be bought with avidity at 100. The patient holder will get his reward. Remember that Reading common, hovered between 25 and 38, for many weary months before the flight upward began. Around that level, the Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania in-



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terests gobbled up all the shares they could find lying around loose. Since then, the stock sold at 160 and over.

It's strange that there's such little talk regarding the railway shares of Mexico. These are properties that deserve careful attention at this time. Their earnings are heavy; gains, in gross and the net should make exceedingly good exhibits on account of the rise in silver, which makes the financial position of the properties ever so much better. The time will come when Mexican railway shares will absorb unlimited attention in Wall street. Mexico is developing rapidly, more so, in fact, than many of us are inclined to believe. The government is gradually drifting into the gold standard. The mines and forests and plantations are being exploited as they never have been before. American, French, English and German capital is drifting thither in enlarging volume. All this should mean accentuated prosperity for the country's railroads. In connection with the sharp advance in silver, simply content yourself with bearing in mind that this appreciation enables the railroad companies to effect a substantial saving in interest payments remitted to foreign countries. With the growing use of silver as a mere trade commodity, this saving should eventually permit of dividends on shares which many a trader is now disposed to refer to with a contemptuous sneer.

Rock Island and St. Louis and San Francisco shares are livening up after a prolonged period of comatose conditions. St. Louisans are particularly interested in these issues, because they were either large buyers at recent low prices, or else are anxious to recoup themselves for losses sustained in Frisco in 1905, and in Rock Island in 1903. A rise in Rock Island Common to about 50 would be a godsend to some of our venturesome fellow-citizens who used to talk themselves hoarse, in days gone by, over the supposedly marvelous merits of Rock Island. There will doubtless be interesting developments before a great while in the Yoakum-Campbell properties. Rock Island earnings are again looking up. The dividends on the preferred will doubtless be resumed before this year is out, in the event of good crops being harvested. What a fine chance to buy there was when this stock dropped so abruptly some time ago! It's a gold eagle to a confederate note that insiders bought substantial blocks at the low prices. There's nothing like a passing of dividends to shake out weak-kneed holders. Do you remember that fine trick of the United States Steel people? Pass the dividend, shake out the suckers, load up at low prices, put the shares up, and liquidate again at the top—this is the rationale of Wall street.

Low-priced issues are growing in favor. Wabash preferred and common, Texas and Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande common, Erie, Steel common, Wisconsin Central, Southern Pacific and Southern Railway are considered attractive purchases on all declines. The last-named is especially liked. The earnings of the Southern show enormous gains. A dividend of about 2 per cent. is being earned on the common. In view of this, this stock should move up decisively, in case the bull faction retains control of the general market. What's the matter with Missouri Pacific? This stock has been hanging fire at about 100 for months. It looks like a purchase. Don't sell it short, unless you have money to burn, and have "inside" connections.

Generally considered, the speculative feeling is more hopeful. Now, isn't this strange and puzzling? Why should people wish to load up with stocks when money is anything but plentiful, when the investment markets are choked with offerings, when many stocks are extrav-

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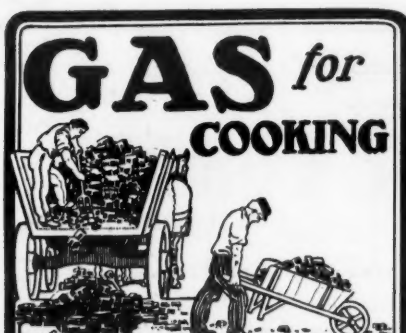
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shouldn't the market go up? Aren't we all dodgastly prosperous?

Local Securities.

United Railways common has crossed 50, the last sale making at 50¾. The buying was in large volume in the last few days, and, naturally, so was the selling. People who could see no good in the stock at 28 are now falling over each other in their frantic anxiety to get in at any old price. An old story, my boy! The speculative temper is now such as to warrant predictions of additional gains. There's no telling when this buying furore may end. The recently published statement of the company for January gave fresh impetus to the upward movement. It showed a surplus, for that month, after interest and 5 per cent dividend requirements, of \$20,930 on the common. These are promising figures, no doubt, but we must not forget that climatic conditions in January, 1906, were vastly better than in January, 1905. However, it's considered sufficient that the company is earning something on the common. The preferred is going at 86½. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at the old figures—88¼ bid, 88¾ asked.

Bank of Commerce has dropped further. The last sale was effected at 333. Missouri-Lincoln is slightly firmer, with sales at 140. For Third National 317 is bid, with none offering. Merchants-Laclede National is still 310 bid, with no stock for sale.

A lot of 10 shares of Ely-Walker common sold at 110. For Simmons Hardware first preferred 132 is bid, with none offering. The second preferred is 125½ bid, 127 asked, and the common is offering at 126, with no bids at this writing. For Cotton Compress 55 is bid. St. Louis Catering preferred has moved up to 40 bid; the common is 2½ bid, 4½ asked.

Money rates are firm in this city. They still range from 4¾ to 6 per cent. This does not justify Bradstreet's recent statement that the high money rates in New York are artificial, and not in line with interior rates. Drafts on New York are unchanged at 25 premium bid, 30 as premium asked. Sterling exchange is steady at 4.87. Berlin is quoted at 94.98, and Paris at 5.167½.

Answers to Inquiries.

Stock Trader, Moberly, Mo.—Would be inclined to hold Illinois Central. Put a stop order on your holdings, however. Stock not too high. Erie common somewhat affected by fears of strike in anthracite fields. Buy it in a small way.

T. V. S.—Consider C. & O. a fair speculation, but should be bought on setbacks only and against good margin. Don't overload. Federal Mining & Smelting preferred too risky a purchase for a trader of your caliber.

"Texas is one of the most moral States in the Union," said Opie Read, the lecturer. "Now, don't laugh. An old Kansas man now living there told me so. No swearing there at all. Why, the only swearing I heard there was myself talking about railroad trains, and that wasn't real cussing—just justifiable criticism. Great train service they have in Texas. Cotton Belt train came in on time in a little town on the line, and the Commercial club was so pleased it raised a purse for the engineer. Honest man, he was, though, and he said, 'I can't take this money, friends; this is yesterday's train.'"—Kansas City Journal.

Father—But do you think you can make my daughter happy?
Suitor—Happy! Say, you should have seen her when I proposed.



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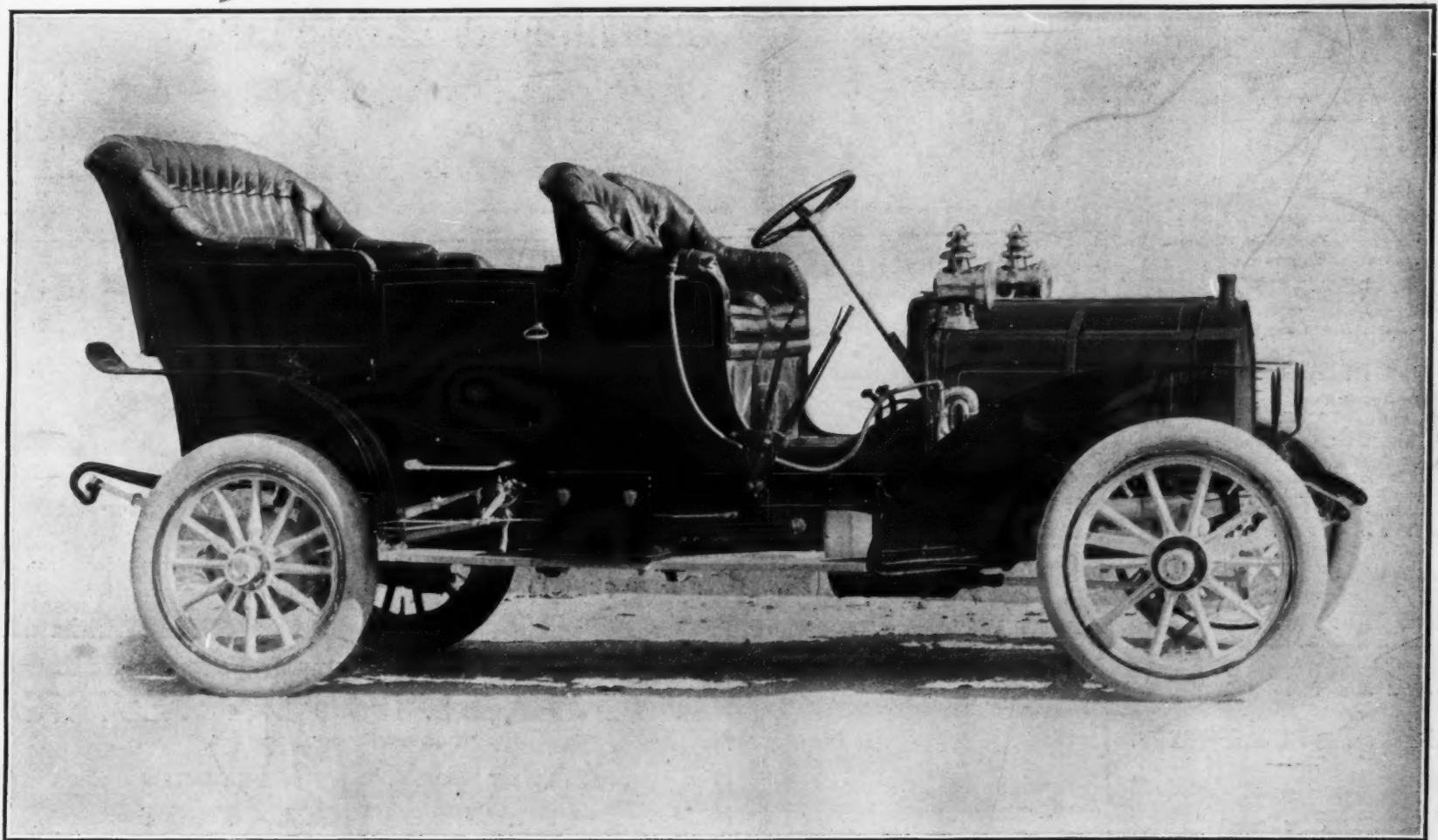
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